

ROLLER DERBY

No. 21

\$3.00





the eric
Matthews
lateness
of the
hour

Produced by Eric Matthews
Recorded and mixed by Tony Lash



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Suicide '97

by LCC

If you happen to have suicide in your life, you can use it, as long as you don't slip and fall in. It can be a wonderful thing. It gives you daring. It lets you walk away from anything. Because it's much, much bigger than money or popularity or safety. I hate it when my neighbor tells her little girl not to stand outside in the cold. It's good to stand in the cold. Every year me and suicide have a better relationship. I understand his nature better now--he's not all about death; he, in turn, has come to respect me for eluding him all these years. For as long as I can remember, even when I was a child, from time to time suicide flies through the window and sits down next to me, looking good. Looking giant. He's an action-type date, an old friend. He says let's go outside. I feel a wind of time rushing up behind me, and I rush with it...all swirling around me, in me, rushing forward, and me not fighting it--me strong enough to rush too. And then it's like there's no me, there's only the rushing, and I love that. What am I rushing toward? Maybe knowing something. But what? I know I don't want to be dead. That'll happen soon enough without my help. I want to meet something at the end as big--bigger--than the tidal wave of time crashing into it. I want to sacrifice myself. I don't want to sacrifice myself--I just want to meet an end worthy of the rush to it. If only it would present itself so I could see it. I could be patient. But I don't even know if it's there, or what it is at all. I feel love, but I don't know if there is anything I'm loving. (!) Just after the rush is the bad part. I still feel like I'm moving 10,000 miles an hour, but the world stopped. Where did the running time go? I slam into the world and it knocks the wind out of my chest. I get up and keep on running, but it doesn't feel the same. I'm running into nothing. I want to rush into something. I love walking in the rain. It's so wonderful to be alive. I feel like my heart will burst.

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Box 474, Dover NH 03821

Def Lepard

by
guess-who

From the enigmatic "ooglum-gleendum-gloutan-glovdon" to the final match lighting crackle and sinister laugh promising bad things, "Rock of Ages" is an onslaught--every line busting with the kind of energy that results in things happening that would better not happen....

Ow!

Gonna start a f-i-i-ire
C'mon!
Rise up, gather 'round
Rock this place to the ground
Burn it up,
let's go for broke -
watch the night go up in smoke.

No serenade
No fire brigade
Just a pyromania !!!
What do you want?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

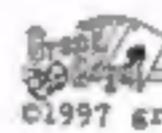
C'mon, let's go,
let's shake a leg
let's blow like dynamite
C'mon!

WE GOT THE POWER
GOT THE GLORY
JUST SAY you NEED IT
AND IF You NEED IT
SAY YEAH
SAY YEAH !
Heh heh heh heh
Now listen to me -
I'm burning, yearning
I got the fever
I know for sure there ain't no cure.
So feel the violence
Go for more
WE GOT THE POWER
JUST SAY you NEED IT

cover model: Kate Landau



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hollywoodandvine.com

"Rock of Ages" was playing on my car stereo when this guy passed me, so I passed him. He tried to pass me again, but I had the power and the glory, so no way could he win. We chased each other in and out of the other traffic, which appeared to be standing still, until my oil light blinked on and I pulled into a gas station. He eased in behind me, and out of a multi-colored, rusting door popped the most ridiculous-looking human I'd ever seen. He was a wisp of about 90 pounds and had the last short-in-the-front-long-in-the-back hairdo on earth, totally fucked-up teeth, big brown eyes like a Keane painting, a baseball shirt with that green creature giving the finger, tight highwater blue corduroys, and hushpuppies!!! He pretended to put gas in his car, but I noticed none of the numbers on the pump changed. Eventually he just went for broke: leaned in my open window, examined my lap and said, "What the hell are your pants made of?" I said, "It's called pleather. Plastic leather." I admired his audacity. I was tempted to go on a date with him, but

I've given in to that kind of temptation before, and it's really fun for the first ten minutes, but then it takes three months to convince them not to call you anymore. So I just told him thanks for the race and went home. I must NOT recommend weaving in and out of traffic--it's stupid and obnoxious and I hate when other people do it. I never do it! I was in Def Lepard thralldom. And he said, "Fu-u-ck, man."

BECK

Beck doesn't have much to say. I've never read a good interview with him. Nor did I expect my interview with him to be good--meaning shocking, tense, or very informative--and it wasn't. It's like he lives in a world of images and sounds, with none of the logic or neatness of mind that makes for compelling conversation. But Beck is talented, making the *only* wonderful videos of today, and like a World War II veteran, he has dignity and is a fine dancer! Except for Dolly Parton and my neighbor Julie, Beck is the sweetest person I can think of. Like Atticus Finch, he is never ever (I suspect) ungenerous or untrue. Neither stud nor wimp, he's *gracious*. Like those skinny guys in black and white movies who wore hats.

LISA: Your caterers are babes!

BECK: Really?

LISA: Everywhere I looked, there were hourglass figures.

BECK: I didn't even notice. I was so hungry. I have a one-track mind. Food. I don't notice that stuff--I'm in love, so I don't notice.

LISA: Do you think you're handsome?

BECK: I don't know. I don't really... My girlfriend likes me, that's probably all I would base it on. I didn't think so when I was a teenager. I probably didn't think females liked me then.

LISA: Rosie O'Donnell likes you.

BECK: She likes me, yeah.

LISA: She says she could swim in your eyes.

BECK: Really, she said that?

LISA: Your big blue eyes and puckered red lips, I think she said.

BECK: Puckered?

LISA: I hear your girlfriend's very sweet and nice and she brings you lunch.

BECK: She's a sweetheart. But she's tough--she's from east L.A. too. So she's down with all kinds of situations. She can stand up.

LISA: Your videos look like Scopitones.

BECK: The French movies, right. Yeah, they're heavily influenced by those. People think my videos are parodies of American things, but all references are French or Italian.

LISA: It's all the great things in life: graveyards, aerobics, old people, girls in shorts, men sweating.

BECK: Yeah, a lot of sweat.

LISA: Do people often mishear your lyrics?

BECK: Usually. Hopefully. "Soy on my candycorn" for "Soy un peu de dog[?]" Some girl thought I was singing "Soaring on the wings of a pentacle." That was way beyond anything I could come up with, it's way out of my league.

LISA: What's "Soy un peu de dog"?

BECK: A Spanish phrase for I'm lost. You can't say "I'm a loser" in Spanish. Culturally that doesn't exist. The closest you can say is "I'm lost, I've lost directions." Self-deprecation isn't really their thing.

LISA: They feel *all right*.

BECK: Which is good. They got a healthy attitude. I did this insane press conference in Hong Kong. They had 40 Hong Kong journalists, and I think two of them could speak English. One of them quoted some lyrics completely wrong, completely nutty, and it was 40 times better than what I had written. And I kick myself now for not having written them down. When I write lyrics, I try to approach it as if I

misunderstood what I was saying.

LISA: Do you sing lyrics wrong on purpose live?

BECK: Sometimes, but not too often, 'cause if there's some guy who's singing along and you mess him up it just ruins his night, you know?

LISA: I think you're the most beloved American. The Nazi plumbers think you're cool, the married ladies sing your songs, the Riot Grrrls don't hate you.

BECK: It's about to invert itself. I'm just waiting. I'm waiting. The Nazi plumbers, if you can get them to get with...if you can engage them in something they wouldn't have been open to, maybe that's something. I don't pay too much attention to it.

LISA: Maybe they feel comfortable with you for the same reason I do--you can see which class you come from in your face.

BECK: What class did you come from? [Lisa points at floor.] Yeah. Yeah, I was sort of the lowest on the rung. I talk to journalists all the time, I talk to [lots of people], and no one ever talks about class in America. It's the weirdest thing. And it's a way heavier thing here than in England or in the other countries.

LISA: You got to meet David Lee Roth!

BECK: Yeah, I did. He was in top of his form. He was just a million words a minute.

LISA: I'm on his side in the fight. [David Lee Roth yelled at Eddie Van Halen for telling the fans about his (Eddie's) broken hip problems.]

BECK: I am too. I think most people are. I got all these letters from the other members of Van Halen apologizing for his behavior, and I'm like, "It's Dave!" That's the thing--times have changed, but Dave hasn't. More power to him.

LISA: You know who else is good? Def Leppard. Pyromania. [singing:] Eenum deenum mountain rolling.

BECK: I was never into Def Leppard.

LISA: The words are good! Have any famous people you've met been different than you expected?

BECK: I haven't been disappointed in anyone. Diana Ross is Diana Ross. Johnny Cash is Johnny Cash.

LISA: Did Diana kiss your cheek?

BECK: She did.



Cutie-pie



LISA: And Johnny didn't.

BECK: Johnny didn't. I kissed his cheek.

LISA: How did it feel?

BECK: It was like vanilla.

LISA: It was smooth? Or smushy?

BECK: Yeah. I don't know. It wasn't firm, no.

LISA: What's your favorite name you've been called by the press?

BECK: "Man-child" was a good one. But I hit puberty last winter, so that's fading.

LISA: I'm gonna draw you now and you draw me, OK?

BECK: OK.

LISA: [studying Beck] Your nose is longer than I'd suspected.

BECK: I don't recognize myself half the time. I don't know what it is with mainstream publications--they put me in the computer and airbrush me. In *Spin* they changed the color of my hair and put a bunch of makeup on me.

LISA: Oh, my drawing is making you look like a sissy.

BECK: That's good--you're catching the inner self.

LISA: No, you have hidden strength. Look, here's your tooth sticking out.

BECK: My tooth does tend to stick out.

Lisa (by Beck) →



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Beck (by Lisa)

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POUSER

LISA: Can I interview you for *Rollerderby*?

STEVE: Yeah--I don't want to be Ivan Badboy, though. I do have a sex life.

LISA: No one wants to be Ivan Badboy. Not even Ivan Badboy.

STEVE: You want to interview me about the psych wards stuff?

LISA: Yeah.

STEVE: I've been in psych wards since I was 18. I'm 25 now. I have a girlfriend. She's 18 and I met her at a day treatment program. She's British. And her name's Layla. She's 5'4", she has brown hair and her father comes from France. And I got the impression she comes from money.

LISA: Well, does she?

STEVE: I don't know.

LISA: You didn't ask, and she's your girlfriend? I'd want to know if I had a rich girlfriend.

STEVE: You know, I used to be a journalist too.

LISA: What's Layla's face look like?

STEVE: She's cute. I can barely remember. I think she has brown eyes.

LISA: What was she in day treatment for?

STEVE: I never asked. She was just in there with all the other teens.

LISA: You don't ask her anything.

STEVE: I asked if she'd live with me.

LISA: You don't know what she was in a psychiatric hospital for, and you want to live with her? She might have *murdered people*.

STEVE: She goes to the same school as Chelsea Clinton.

LISA: Did you do well in school?

STEVE: I was smart but too lazy. I had this tutor who told my parents I was a genius.

LISA: How did you land in the hospital this time?

STEVE: I was crying a lot and tried to slit my wrists with my fingernails. Broke my dad's nose. One guy here always wants me to watch the news with him. If I don't watch the news, he gets angry at me and goes around breaking things. Texas is crazy--if you go out to smoke a cigarette, cannons go off, parents yell at you.

When I did heroin everything just went downhill. This guy named xxxx gave me heroin one

time, then I got this check from AT&T and I go, "Oh, dude, I'm goin' downtown with xxxx today." And I made up a poem that goes, "She follows me wherever I go. I'm the fish and T is the bait." "T" was supposed to be "tough guy" or Thurston Moore.

LISA: Are you a tough guy?

STEVE: No. I don't know what I am. I smoke too much.

LISA: Cigarettes?

STEVE: Yeah.

LISA: Does smoking cigarettes make one tough?

STEVE: Naw, it makes one have health problems and bad teeth.

LISA: What color are your teeth?

STEVE: Yellow.

LISA: Eww!

STEVE: But I think it's a hoax. I have to tell you it's a hoax.

LISA: What's a hoax?

STEVE: I think a lot of people hear voices. I think a lot of people hear voices and they don't have to take medication.

LISA: What medications are you on?

STEVE: Depakot--that's a mood stabilizer. Ativan, which is a narcotic, keeps me from being violent. Paxil--an antidepressant, and Zyprexa--an antipsychotic. First they said I had paranoid schizophrenia. Then they said schizo-affective bi-polar

brain disorder. I was in a car accident. My brain was bruised. I lost my spleen, and they had to drill holes in my skull, so I have a whole bunch of tough guy scars. I had this tattoo on my right wrist, but I burnt it off.

LISA: You burnt it off?

STEVE: Yeah--with a cigarette. It was the symbol of infinity.

LISA: My friend Rachel had a car accident and bruised her brain too.

STEVE: Rachel Suckhorse?

LISA: Yeah. Her eyeball popped out of her head. They popped it back in. Ever since then, she can't look at fans or she'll collapse on the floor. And she gets these sensations like her body is made of rippling water. I mean even when there's no fan. You do sound schizophrenic to me.

STEVE: Oh. [disappointed] I do?

LISA: Yeah--these poetic images. Your speech is full of symbols that mean something to you other than what they mean to the listener. I think you would make sense to people if we only knew what you meant, but we don't. At least, that's how schizophrenia strikes me--what do I know?

STEVE: People are screaming.

LISA: People are screaming?

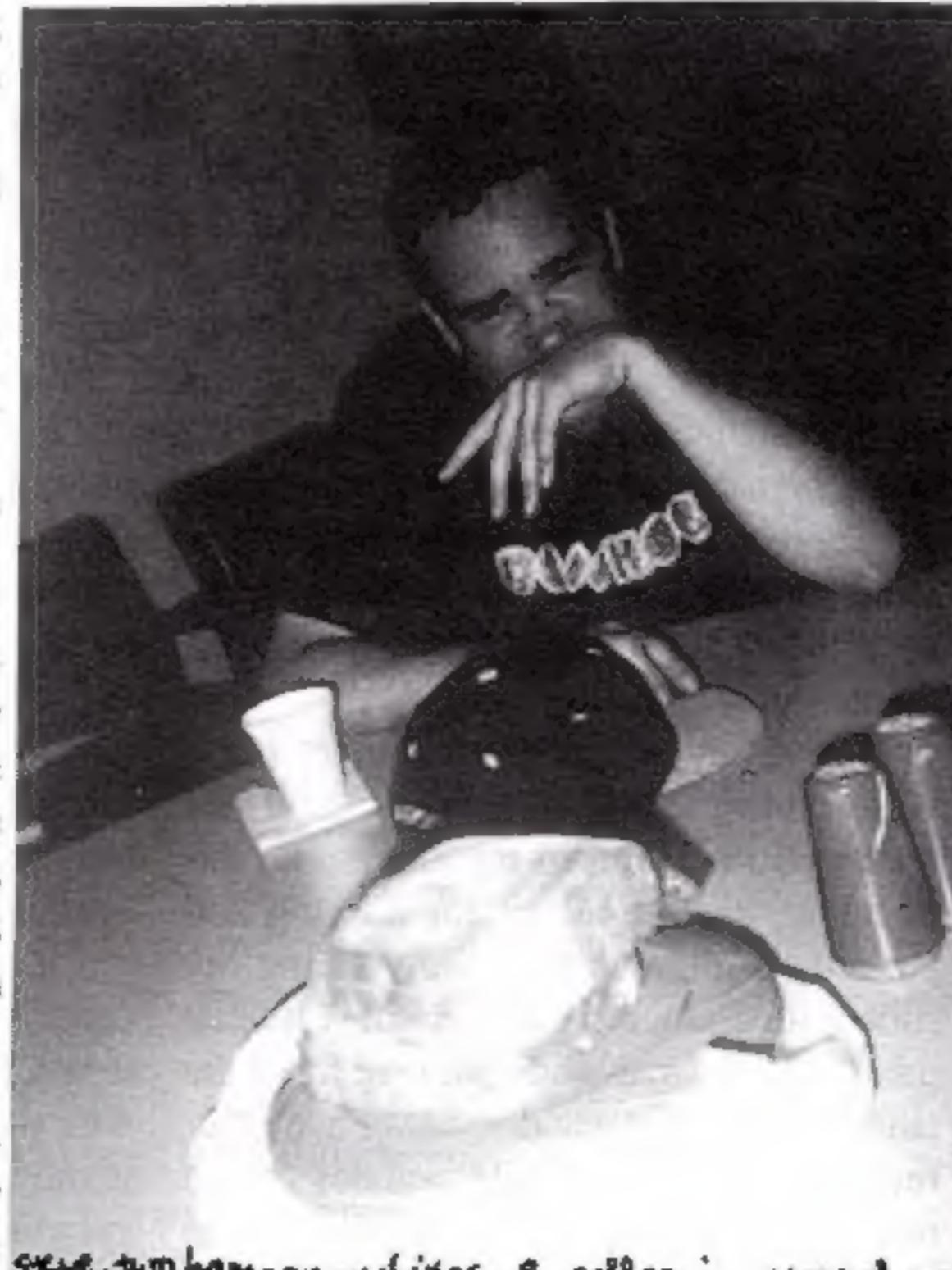
STEVE: Yeah--I've been talking to this girl two or three times a day on the phone and I hear screaming. That's how my band broke up. Thurston Moore was putting out our record, and my band bought a plane ticket for me. It was like the voices were *in my room*. They were *in my room* telling me not to go to Florida and play in my band. They were criticizing me.

LISA: Do you know who was screaming?

STEVE: I don't know. It was coming from the northeast. Northeast of here is Austin. And if you go up, it's Washington D.C. I wondered did this happen to Lou Barlow and J Mascis, or am I just totally insane?

LISA: I think you're insane. Insane means not able to function. If you can't catch your plane to Florida when your band needs you, then you're not functioning and you need to find the right help so you can do the things you want to do. What are they trying to do with you in there?

STEVE: I don't know--it's so slack in here. People sleep all day long. They sleep on the couches.



Steve, two ham-on-whites, & coffee in styrofoam

LISA: Did you ever hear voices before your accident?

STEVE: No. A boy died in the accident, and the voices started accusing me of killing him.

LISA: Do you ever talk back to the voices?

STEVE: Yeah, I used to.

LISA: Can you have a conversation with them?

STEVE: No.

LISA: They're not good listeners?

STEVE: It's kind of like a dream, and the voices are guiding the dream. I used to think if I had a sex change, I could have all the pussy I wanted. But my feet smell.

LISA: Well maybe if you took female hormones your feet would smell better.

STEVE: What?

LISA: You lost me--do you want to have a sex change?

STEVE: No. I met this person in AA, a woman-to-man transexual and she had to live in a tent. The medical bills were so high she couldn't have a house or a car or anything.

LISA: Do you have friends in there?

STEVE: I had one--Gino. He left. He'd go outside in February in a t-shirt. He said, "I like the cold. It keeps me strong." We'd play dominoes. I showed him a copy of *Rollerderby*, he said "Dig."

LISA: How does the staff treat you?

STEVE: It kind of feels like they have some sort of inside joke and I'm not really mentally ill. The staff is here to make it seem like the things that go on inside my head--I should save the things that go on inside my head and not smoke cigarettes. I have a suspicion that letters sent to me were given to other inmates. And that's a federal crime. And when you tell them you'll call the FBI, the smiles fade from their faces. Then it's all, "Oh, yes sir!" I smashed my boom box radio on the floor last night.

LISA: You got to stop that. They'll never let you out if you keep on breaking things.

STEVE: I know. It's really frustrating in here. There's always people around me, and I like to be alone or with one person--not 20,000. A lot of the young people here are into Satanist rock and speedmetal, not the things I like. The bathrooms are absolutely hideous. Every morning after breakfast they get clogged up because they have diarrhea.

LISA: Because of all the medications?

STEVE: Yeah.

Schizophrenomania

by Matt Jasper

Schizophrenia became interested in me shortly after the refrigeration compressor broke down in the room where I brought the bodies of all the cats and dogs I had killed. I injected them with sodium pentobarbital on behalf of the Humane Society at the Angel Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston several years ago during a summer rush of unwanted animals. I watched them die, tossed them into buckets, and wheeled them into the refrigerated room. Every week a big white Thermo-King truck came to take them away. To be burned, I imagined, though I never asked.

The breakdown happened sometime over the weekend and the truck wasn't due until Friday. By Wednesday the thick smell of rotting flesh and fur seemed to chase us as we dumped the buckets, closed the door, and ran like hell up the hallway toward the room affectionately called "Downtown"--where we put the animals down. Here the smell was different and a bit more subtle: animal fear.

By Thursday my co-worker had the good sense to call in sick. I was left alone to carry selected animals in from the main cages to the Downtown cages where they waited for their turn--about 40 cats which I dispatched at the rate of about one every two minutes, and a Black Lab who I led into the room after all of the cats lay crumpled in their cages.

"This is necessary," I tried to reassure myself. "Someone has to do it...."

I was almost relieved to notice the dead cats were all breathing exactly when I breathed--their bodies puffing up when I inhaled and collapsing when I exhaled. I conducted several experiments. If I didn't breathe at all, they wouldn't breathe at all--though some would mischievously open their eyes to wink at me, reassuring me that they were still alive.

They weren't, of course, but I was crying with happiness at their resurrection. I pricked my ankle with the tip of the needle meant for the dog and pushed the plunger--demurely filling my shoe with sodium pentobarbital. I looked into the Lab's eyes and could see all of the landscapes he had wandered over and all of the landscapes he would wander over--moons, trees, concrete, blades of grass, and his tongue hanging out the window of

a car. When I closed my eyes, I was the dog himself as he looked at me.

We found a leash, exited a side door as nine impounded pit bulls barked encouragement, and walked a few miles back to the apartment on 212 Hemmenway that my ex-girlfriend and I were moving out of. Her VW Bug was parked out front. I tied the dog to her bumper and left a note naming him heir to my estate. I guessed (correctly) that she would take the dog when she moved to Vermont. I wished the dog better luck than I had had with her, named him Rex, and walked to Chinatown for almond cookies.

For the next four months I rented my body out to the cheerful phlebotomists at Medical Technical Research Incorporated of Jamaica Plain. They provided room and board plus \$40 a day to all of the jobless, often homeless human guinea pigs they could find. I had read their "HEALTHY MEN WANTED" advertisement in newspapers for years. I found it again in the first paper I picked up when I ran out of money and figured that if my brain couldn't find a job, my body could.

Some of us walked around with tubes up our noses or urine buckets but most of us just had tracks or collapsed veins from metabolic blood tests. My particular group was on experimental levels and dosage forms of theopheline--an antihistamine that, at several times its intended dose, had the side effect of making us as calm as fish in an aquarium. Even the air seemed cool and watery as we inhaled with widened bronchial tubes.

We were cautioned against strenuous exercise, asked to name a beneficiary for our \$10,000 life insurance policy (I chose Eva Braun) and locked into the building so we wouldn't ruin the controls of the study by mixing theopheline with beer or heroin. We were trapped in our bunks or the day room--playing chess or ping pong and cursing the place for not having cable TV and only providing us with one movie to watch again and again: *Return of the Living Dead*.

My roommate had rotten teeth and taped glasses and kept trying to convince me that God was in the alphabet. His theory was something like this: A is the Alpha, Z is the Omega. When words are broken into syllables they show their secret meanings. The dot on the "i" is God whereas the line

beneath the dot represents the individual.... Every time I turned around he was saying something like, "I want telephone sex and blue hair" or "Why change your mind when you can keep the one you've got?" I liked him but also saw him as a warning of what I

self-portrait by Mary



could turn into. To sharpen the contrast between us, I began to brush my teeth 20 times a day.

Theopheline blood levels would build up after a week so we would be discharged for five days of "washout". They would send us away with enough money (about \$60) to survive for five days. To ensure our return, they delayed most of our pay until the end of the study. I dreaded washout. It meant sleeping in the basement storage area (I still had a key) of my old apartment and hanging out at libraries trying to avoid everyone.

Even prior to the refrigeration compressor breakdown, it hadn't been a good year. I had flunked out of school after a particularly interesting drug combination left me unable to speak normally for a few days. My speech centers had been scrambled in such a way as to make about half of my phrases sound like a stuttering mixture of pig latin, Finnish, and a drunk speaking in tongues. I couldn't look anyone in the eye for fear that they would see into me, was too unfocused to hold a job, and sometimes thought the Nazis might be out to get me. To escape, I crawled out onto the ice of a river as it was breaking up and floated downstream.

Hallucinations crept up occasionally, but mostly I heard someone calling my name, thought I might be God, or was pretty sure that I would be arrested for my crimes against humanity. Looking back at this state of alternating feelings of all-powerful-

ness and a complete lack of confidence, I coined the term "Omnimotent." In between these two extremes, I was less interestingly but more persistently immobilized--like the butterflies I used to pin into my collection--by an intricate sort of indecision.

During one washout, I--almost as a joke--applied for a job as the "weekend manager" of a group home for schizophrenics. My boss weighed 300 pounds, often set the office trash can on fire with her cigarettes, and hired me even though I made almost no eye contact with her during the interview. My other attempts at jobs had unraveled due to the rapid pace. I couldn't hold the pickles. I couldn't hold the lettuce. Special orders upset me. This new job was easy and almost completely unsupervised. I simply passed out medications and discouraged people from calling the funeral home next door to make their own immediate burial arrangements.

It was a 36-hour shift with eight older people who had been institutionalized for most of their lives. Some of their personality traits could be read off the side-effects chart for their medications (Haldol, Atavan...): stiff walk, sedation, drooling. But they were a spirited bunch nonetheless.

Mary was convinced that she was a mortician's understudy. She was also a member of an extended royal family that owned all paper mills, phone books, and telephones. When she cut her toe, she asked for a small faucet instead of a band-aid--because, of course, she wanted to drink blood "in the manner of kings and queens." She called the police to report that I had poisoned her, and cried when they showed up yet wouldn't arrest me. Mary had "12 FBI fathers" who had sex with her. She also had a way with words: "He was vanishing like anything into that dress." "What you touching my hip bone for? You going to make soup?" She ate plentifully in order to be able to look at her 50-year-old belly and think she was pregnant, and often talked about how her heart "broke" when the state took her two children away. One night she and I were sort of spacing out while watching a movie when I--much to my horror--realized it was *Rosemary's Baby*. Of course, she loved it.

Ben watched the TV show *Dynasty* obsessively, was once caught masturbating to Linda Evans, and talked about "his girls" floating off of the screen to perform oral sex on him. His girls were also known as "The Flying Dynasty Sluts." He would scream at them if they floated over to any other man who might also be watching and began to perform oral sex. Ben also suggested that everyone should have a special t-shirt to name after their favorite Panzer tank. I told him I thought this was a great idea, but then he worriedly speculated that the Panzer might be targeted for destruction by the Allies or might accidentally fire and blow his balls off.

After two years I quit in order to go back to school, and so I was on my own to find schizophrenics. When you harbor latent maniacal tendencies, it's reassuring to find people further out to lunch than you are, because then by comparison you are much better off. Schizos are also entertaining people--wonderful conversationalists, imaginative, and they're outside the normal routines of life. There's something timeless and still about them and their world of cigarettes and coffee.

Some people--such as my father who was a chicken farmer until he had a breakdown and then became a clinical psychologist--have what is called a "reaction formation"--or a constructive response to their encounter with dementia. Such a person makes a great shrink, (in fact, Dad got to help commit

both his father and his brother at various times...) however, I have found that I am quite useless as a counsellor. When the maniacs I am a magnet for come to me for help because they fear they are losing their minds, I tell them to go ahead and lose their minds--because then at least they'll no longer have to deal with all the worry of having one. Like a physicist with an atom smasher, I am much more interested in seeing the oddly colored interior within the cracks than helping to heal them.

In one case a poor girl took my advice all too well, began to hallucinate that I was an archangel who broke into her room and spit on her bed, and was hauled away while screaming that she wanted to kill me.

Having failed as a counsellor, I transmogrified myself into a publishing tycoon.

I found Dan Ashwander through a *National Examiner* advertisement that said he had a cosmic mind and could cure all illnesses. He asked for a "love offering" so I sent a dollar because I had a friend who was dying of lung cancer. I should have sent more. My friend died. Dan sent me photos of nude women to whom he sent money. He had hundreds of robot wives in Heaven who could do everything, (except eat, drink, have sex, or eliminate waste from the body). I learned from his brother that Dan was in military intelligence in Korea in his 30s, then started breaking down more and more. It all stems from a head injury when he was four and saw angels. I released *Selected Letters of D.S. Ashwander* in 1990.



Dan Ashwander

Paul is the official homeless person of Dover. We just started having conversations on the street, then one day I brought a video camera and he started talking about The Beast and The Wife of The Beast and the evil things they've done to him. I released that video in 1994. Now Paul and I have a band together--Pneumershonic. It's the greatest band ever. Paul is the singer and improvises lyrics about laundromats being robbed. It's hard to do live shows with him because he has his own sense of time. He disappears for weeks and months on end. He'll pursue any leads. He gambles and starves and calls me for legal advice.

Once he told me about waking up in a field and realizing that he was freezing to death. He tried to warm up by walking around, but then tripped and found himself flat on his back in the snow. He said, "I was feeling all

sorry for myself but then I realized I had a lighter and a pack of cigarettes--but then there was only one left so I felt all sorry for myself again. Then a voice came to me and said, 'Yes, this is your last cigarette. But it's the one that will burn forever.'

My schizophrenics appear and disappear, over phone lines and in phrases I can't get out of my head, and in messages they send into my dreams. Or sometimes I just meet them at Dunkin Donuts instead.

Send \$9 for a Pneumershonic CD to: Matt Jasper, PO Box 356, Durham NH 03824.

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Confronting Insanity in Animals

by Nell Zink

When I was 15 I read part of a memoir by Kurt Vonnegut's insane son Mark. Mark was a fabulously bright and soulful teenager whose insistent feelings of outraged sorrow, stemming from a gloriously romantic sensibility which made me feel very inferior since I only cried once or twice a day, were a real pain in the ass to those around him. As you might expect, The Man tried to socialize him with bondage and major tranquilizers. In ensuing years, I met lots of crazy people. Some of them didn't seem quite as in touch with their feelings as Mark, but they all shared his belief that "mental illness" is nothing more than a label our culture places on behaviors it finds inconvenient, while "insanity" is a perfectly reasonable response to modern life. Maybe Mark's right, maybe he isn't, but in either case the sociological side of his theory applies neatly to our fuzzy friends. There's no point asking an animal what's wrong--most of the time it's just too goddamn obvious anyway. If his behavior disturbs you, all you can do is try, after cost-benefit analysis, to make him (and yourself) as comfortable as possible. Generally, methods fall into four categories: (1) Diversion, (2) Drugs, (3) Death and (4) Dismemberment.*

(1) Diversion.

*I should probably add a (5), Delusion. You can hire an "Animal Communicator" (a kind of psychic) to get your pet to tell you what is wrong. They are all over the Internet and in fucked-up holistic-homeopathic cat-lover magazines like 'Tiger Tribe.' A typical interview goes like this:

SUCKER: Jason won't stop eating Tabitha's food. I've told him over and over it belongs to Tabitha.

ANIMAL COMMUNICATOR: He's telling me he's under constant emotional strain from the battle to keep himself away from her dish. He says if you would put it up on the counter where he can't reach it, his life would be a lot easier.

SUCKER. Goddess be praised!

One of the more urgent problems facing ethologists (experts in animal behavior) is "stereotypy." This is a problem because when people go to the zoo, they don't like seeing the animals pace back and forth: it makes them uncomfortable. They want to see the animals laugh and play. But animals are just like people--when you lock them in a room, they fall quickly into trance-inducing repetitive patterns called "stereotypes." They do this to make the time go faster between meals. Incidentally, given a reliable food supply, they also do this in the wild.

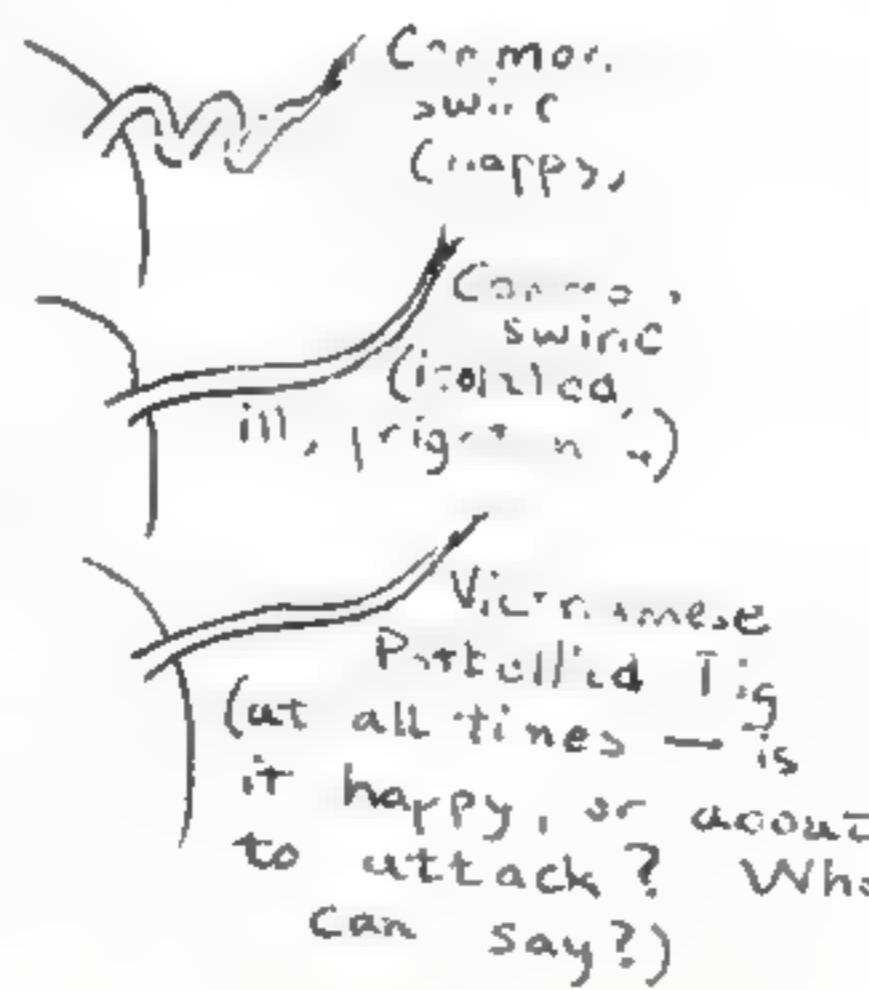
So how can we make zoo animals' movements less predictable? Put yourself in the animals' shoes for a minute. Their self-hypnosis makes them disturbingly dull, but they have nothing to gain by being alert (except perhaps a fuller consciousness of their abjection). The solution: make them nervous instead. You do this by reducing their regular meals; the missing calories are made up with irregularly timed snacks (meatballs, fish), released into the cages by machines. Now the animals look anxiously over their shoulders. Every so often they howl in frustration. They vary their behavior endlessly, trying to figure out what provokes the machine to fire, never quite accepting the cruel reality that snacks are released at random. The tourists are happy again. Score one for ethology!

Behavior problems in pets, too,

can generally be cured through (1) Diversion, but in practice they aren't. When you pay attention to a carnivore's mistakes they are reinforced (carnivores love attention), and most people don't pay any attention to the animal until it fucks up. So say your dog is barking really loud. If you're like most people, you yell at him to shut up, and when he does, you smile and go back to your reading. Or say your neutered male cat is on your bed making passionate love to a dishtowel. In all likelihood you'll summon every adult in the house, close the door, and watch until he stops. This is why most pets with behavior problems end up in shelters. There's a simple principle no one follows: if an animal is doing something that makes you uncomfortable, reward him for doing SOMETHING ELSE.

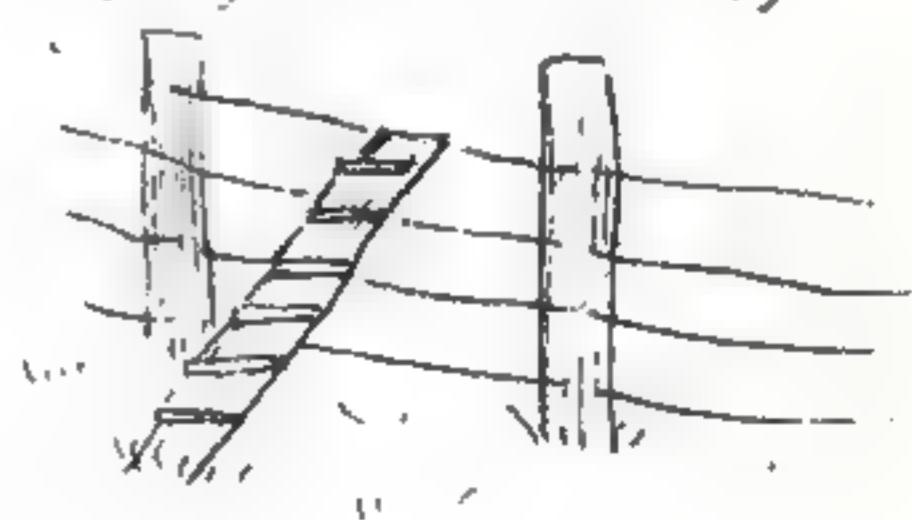
(2) Drugs.

Psychotropic drugs are much safer for animals than for human beings. This is because by the time a drug reaches the market, it has been survived by thousands of mice, rats, guinea pigs, dogs, monkeys and apes. Data on efficacy and side-effects are less forthcoming. But anecdotal evidence shows that some animals' behavior improves with drugs, and as of 1994 Federal law permits vets to prescribe them at will. Clinical studies are now underway on their most popular prescription, the serotonin reuptake



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A simple way to trap deer or goats (they like to climb)



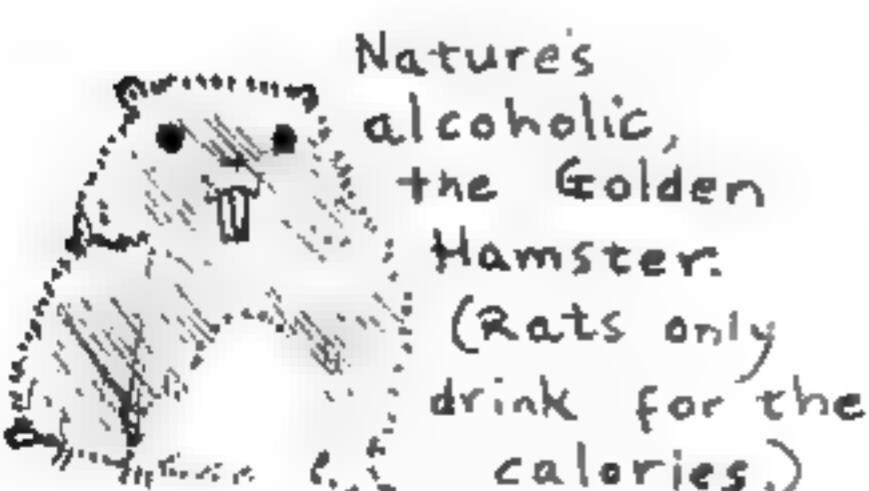
Nell does Animal Review. \$2 from 3941 Brandywine St., Philadelphia PA 19104.

inhibitor for obsessive-compulsive dogs.

What is an obsessive-compulsive dog? Mostly, this is a dog who lives alone in an urban apartment. Left alone for many hours every day, he bites his own thighs until bald spots appear. Then when he goes walking, the neighbors think he has mange. By dosing him with Prozac, the owner can improve his appearance. He may vomit a bit at first, but who doesn't?

Again, there are problems of definition. All sheep are chronically anxious. They are afraid to walk into their own shadows. Are they neurotic? Do they need Elavil? My analysis: if sheep could scream real loud like pigs, they would be screaming all the time, which would be annoying. But luckily they've evolved to hide their pain (prey animals have nothing to gain by playing it up), and it's really rather useful to have them so easily frightened that you can herd them around by waving your arms. More assertive sheep would be of no use to anyone, and it wouldn't be as easy to persuade them to be sheared and/or die. So they don't need Elavil.

So drugs must be used with discretion. If your cat bothers you by whimpering when you stuff him in a box for a trip to the kennel, an antihistamine (same ingredients as the major tranquilizers, but in a smaller dose suitable for pets) might make him more comfortable--or dead, if you overdo it. But fortunately there are few regulations governing the experimental administration of drugs to animals. Actually, there are just about none. So feel free to share drugs with animals, at your own risk: if the animal dies, you will have one less animal. This risk is borne daily with seeming equanimity by pharmaceutical companies everywhere.



(3) Death.

Humans must display severe behavioral problems to merit the death penalty. But for pets, death usually follows a habit of minor property damage. Therefore, if you have children, it is important to emphasize to them that they will not be taken to a shelter, nor will they be killed, in retribution for property damage, whether or not this is true.

Responsible ethologists prescribe death for only one condition: Canine Dominance Aggression. Does your dog greet you by placing his feet as high on you as he can while wagging his tail? Do you walk around him when he's in the way? Do you let him sleep in your favorite chair if he gets there first? If yes, he is dominant over you. If you remain properly submissive, you won't have any problems. The problems arise when your children intrude on the scene. Babies are naturally submissive. They lie on their backs or crawl on the ground, their voices are high, they are incontinent (a sure sign of inferior rank, if you're a dog). But then one day the baby is upright, trapped in a walker. It confronts the dog from eye level, staring and laughing. It pulls his ears....

Is the dog mentally ill? Who can say? In any case, you will be comforted by the thought that dominance-aggression killings are virtually never followed by consumption of the victim. If the baby is someone else's or is partially consumed, you can argue that the killing was provoked by fear, a territorial defense, or hunger (it takes months of contact to establish a serious dominance relationship), and a responsible ethologist would permit the dog to live.

(4) Dismemberment.

Psychosurgical interventions such as lobotomy and electroshock are almost unknown in the veterinary world, excepting perhaps the cutting of olfactory nerves in cats (if they can't smell, they won't spray). Why waste time looking for causes when you can go after the implements of destruction? This leads to a style of therapy worthy of Islamic law. I'll play "Dear Ethologist."

Q. My cat scratches furniture.

A. Cut off his fingers.

Q. I have 5,000 26-week old layer hens living in a barn where the dust and ammonia are so thick in the air that I

personally can't breathe, but they seem to like it OK. Problem is, sometimes if there's a loud noise, like when I open the door, they freak out and stampede. The eggs get crushed inside them, their cloacas get infected and turn red and poke out, and then they peck each others' butts until they bleed to death. I know when chickens get scared they want to take cover, but if the ceiling were any lower I couldn't get inside. I can't afford battery cages, which I know would be much more humane.

A. Cut off their beaks.

Forms of (4) Dismemberment account for much of the data available on truly psychotic animals. For example, if you put rats in a cage with an electric floor and shock them every time they press the lever that used to release their food, they will stand there pressing the lever in apparent agony until you turn it off. But if you cut their brains down the middle, they'll be able to release the lever. What does this mean? Who the fuck knows? In any case, your mutilated rats now suffer from an "experimental neurosis"--they're afraid to eat. Time for the death penalty. For generations behaviorists have sought clues to the origins of human weakness in conditions like these. Their beautifully self-evident conclusions are well known: isolation makes you weird, torture makes you jumpy, etc. If you've ever had people say to you, "You should get out more and stop torturing yourself," you know just how helpful these conclusions can be.



GUESS WHICH DOG
MOST PEOPLE WOULD
RATHER OWN!

Fanzines '97 by LCC

When fanzines in their present form started (let's say 1989), they were shocking, because they were so different from the glamorous decadence of everything else going on at the time: heavy metal, death rock and, by then, even punk rock. (Hip hop hadn't reached the suburbs yet, industrial wasn't accepting any new members, and 2/3 of America could skateboard only 1/3 of the year.) These ugly and unfinished-looking fanzines harbored a feeling of profound isolation, self-loathing, introspection and voyeurism. Worst of all, they were prone to collages. The theme was self-self-self. While on rare occasion taking a jaunt down the heady Walt Whitman path of celebration of self, fanzine people mostly found themselves on the somber, twisting-turning roads of Franz Kafka, weighed down with his overwhelming sense of helplessness and threat to the self. (One concentrates a lot on that which one feels is threatened.) As a movement, it was not terribly attractive—I doubt whether fanzine people will one day boast to their grandchildren about their involvement in it. But they were reflecting and defining all by themselves a massive unacknowledged Zeitgeist (unhappy isolation), and they were brave to tell such an uncool truth. Now, of course, it's become a style. It's studied. Now I loathe them as much as they would have you believe they loathe themselves--and that's saying a lot.

Recently, however, there arrived

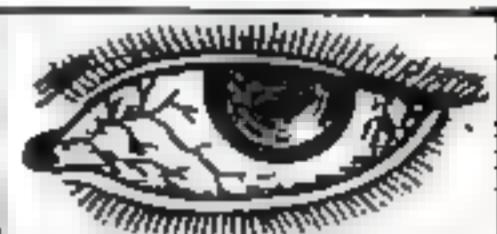
in my mailbox two fanzines, *Dipper* and *Ajax Maple*, that transcend time--no one thought to tell them the fanzine revolution is over--and earn my love with their unknowing charm and total sincerity.

Ajax Maple (PO Box 313, Montpelier VT 05601) is by a new mom trying to figure out where she still fits in "the scene," and marveling at the juxtaposition of feeling so "raw and alive" and ready to do anything, while in reality she's spending her entire day washing dishes and giving Tylenol and ice cream to her teething daughter. She describes perfectly feeling both so frustrated at her lack of time and so in awe of that which has stolen her time. These are things I never told anyone about Wolfgang, because I am very defensive of him and was afraid that if I showed how sometimes horribly frustrating life with him is, that would eclipse in people's minds how magnificent his expressions and explorations can be--and that, frankly, no one but me is interested in either aspect of life with Wolfgang. But this woman (she never says her name) wasn't afraid of what people might think. Or if she was afraid, she didn't let it stop her. And I, for one, am very interested. And that's what separates fanzines from mass media: they really are written just for one person somewhere out there.

Dipper (PO Box 21365, Wash. DC 20009) is edited by a fat Englishman named Dale Shaw. He draws cartoons the best he can about his pathetic life. He'll admit anything. Remember in *Silence of the Lambs* when Clarisse challenges

Lector: "Why don't you try turning that brilliant gaze inward, Doctor?" It's time someone said to Dale (and to the rest of us), "Why don't you try turning that brilliant gaze outward?"

edited by Chip Rowe Jr.



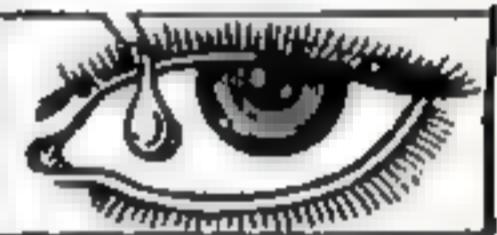
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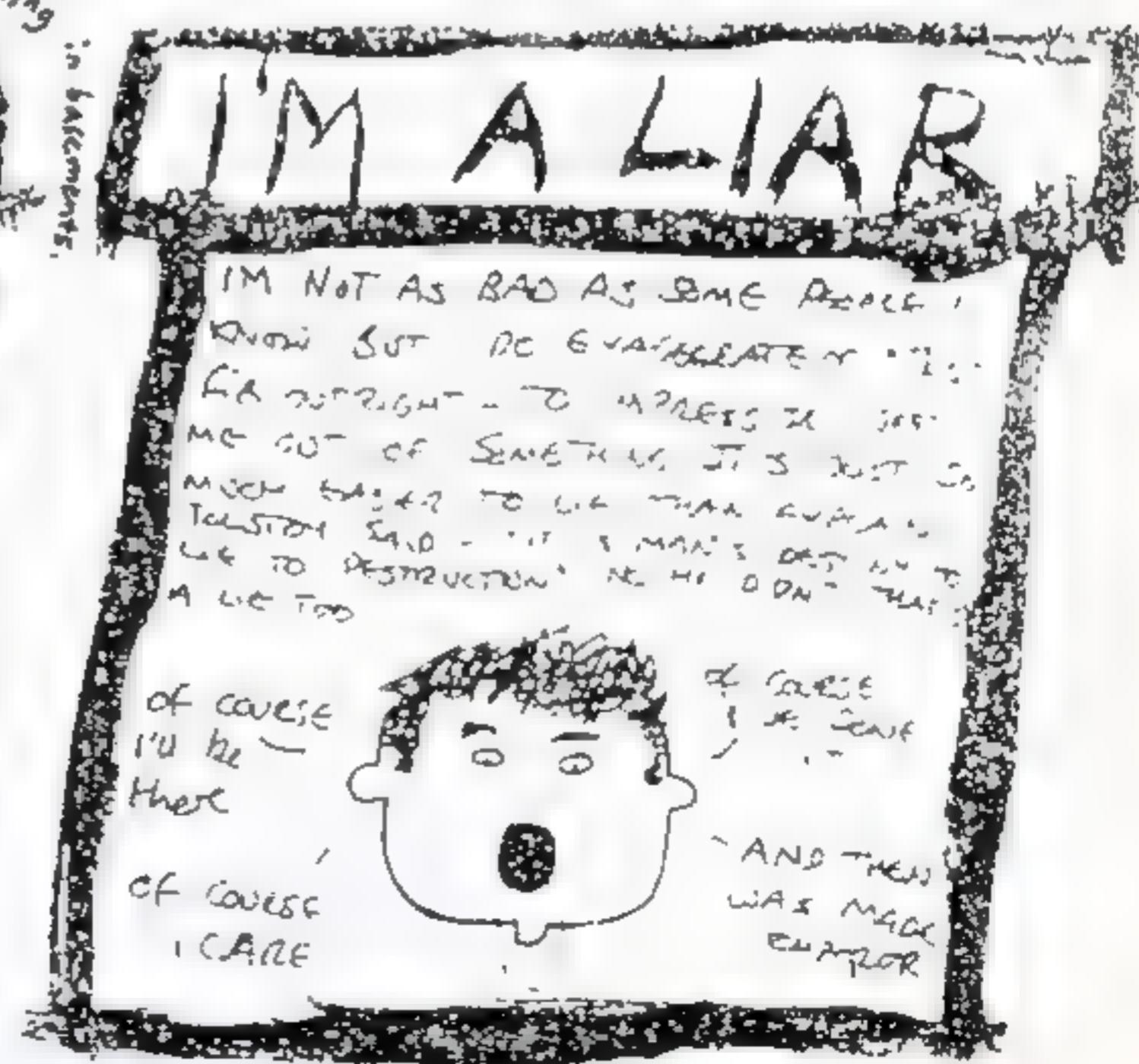
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from Dipper 2



Mail-Order Brides

by Joe S. Harrington

Have you ever seen those ads in the backs of magazines advertising foreign mail-order brides and wondered what kind of men they attract? It came as a complete surprise to me when two people I was in contact with announced their plans to seek a foreign bride. Dave and Jerry are both slightly overweight, somewhat "nerdish," and just-turned-30.

JOE: Why did you choose a Russian bride?
DAVE: Because I had just taken a course in the history of the Russian Revolution at Harvard University and became enamored by Russian culture. When I got the actual idea to go through with it was when me and my friend Tom Ballou went down to see the Russian Navy as it docked in Boston harbor. We traded blue jeans for Russian souvenirs such as pins and hats from the Russian Navy. And Tom says "I wish they'd trade us their women!"

JOE: How did you choose Tatyanna?
DAVE: I kept coming back to her picture out of the 127 women in the catalog I bought. Her caption said she was interested in books, flowers and cooking. The fact that she read was what appealed to me. And she looked like a deep thinker.

JOE: What is Tatyanna like in person?
DAVE: Tatyanna is a very independent person. She has to have her own job and she has to have time for herself. She is not a particularly talkative person, to me, or to other people.

JOE: Where is she from?
DAVE: St. Petersburg, a beautiful city in Russia that used to be the capital during the days of the Czar.

JOE: What do young people in Russia do at night?

DAVE: In Russia, people like to stay at home and drink!

JOE: Are there discos?

DAVE: There was one at the hotel I stayed at. I took a look inside and there was a disc jockey playing music and nobody on the dance floor, and the room was pretty much empty. There were maybe two or three people in it.

JOE: Why did Tatyanna

decide to become a mail-order bride?

DAVE: She and her friend decided to do it for kicks to see what would happen. She got about 18 letters from guys before she got a letter from me. Almost every letter she got was the same: it was one page long, and it talked mostly about the guy. "This is my job, this is my house, this is what you will be for me." I sent her a four-page letter that actually told her things she could do in Boston and about the city, and only spent about one page talking about me.

JOE: When did you decide to get married?
DAVE: I decided after she wrote back to me that this is the one I'm going to marry. In fact, I even showed her picture to The Beast, and said "This is the woman in Russia that I'm going to marry!"

JOE: Who's The Beast?
DAVE: The Beast was a woman I lived with for about six years. I moved out of her apartment as soon as I got serious about "Plan 9" [*the plan to find a Russian bride*].

JOE: How did you get Tatyanna into this country?
DAVE: It was pretty difficult--you have to deal with the INS, a fascist government organization that's run by the bureaucrats in the federal government: they're slow, they're mean, they predict dire circumstances will befall you, but they're too lazy to do anything about it. They make you wait in line, they charge you money for forms. It takes about six months.

JOE: When did you find out about Petri [*Tatyanna's son from a previous relationship*]?

DAVE: About a week before I was supposed to go, after I'd bought the plane ticket and made the arrangements. She said, "Oh David, I can't marry you because I have a son, and he's only two years old, and I don't want to leave him behind." So I

told her to bring Petri.

JOE: Did Petri like life in America?

DAVE: Oh yeah, Petri adapted to life in America quickly. But Tatyanna seemed to not adapt as well. She had a hard time making friends. I would take her around to meet my friends in archaeology or the music scene, and I introduced her to a photographer friend of mine, but she never seemed too interested, probably because her English was not good enough that she felt comfortable talking with them. I even took her to a local church to talk to people who knew how to speak Russian, but she wasn't interested in them either, probably because they were squares. Tatyanna's not a church-going type.

JOE: Didn't you sleep in separate beds?

DAVE: Well, actually, we tried sleeping in the same bed, but we both ended up with severe back pain so it was better for both of our health if we slept in separate beds, but even though we slept in separate beds, we still had sex two or three times a week when we were first married. We also had very different work schedules. She would come home from work at 12:30 and not go to bed until two or three in the morning, and I had to get up at seven in the morning, so I would go to bed at 10:30, 11:00, sometimes midnight. So it actually made sense from our own personal perspectives to not sleep in the same bed.

JOE: When did things begin to go awry?

DAVE: Tatyanna had a hard time keeping promises. I would suggest things to do, and she would agree to them, then she would back out. Then we had an agreement where we would both contribute to a joint bank account and then she decided, around December, to stop contributing. I asked her why, and she said she was saving money to buy Christmas presents. I asked why did I find all this money in a drawer? So she says, "Oh, that's not my money,

"that's my neighbor's money." But our neighbor doesn't even have a job. So we had an argument and I basically told her what I thought about her, which was that she was sneaky. So the next day she came into the room, and we



actually had sex. And after we had sex, she said, "I understand what you're saying and I'll actually put money into the bank account." Well, then we didn't get a bank statement. And I had gotten bank statements for four or five months after we moved to the new apartment. So I accused Tatyanna of taking it. She said, "What? You don't trust me?" And it turned out that the real reason that we didn't get the bank statement was that the clowns at the Bank of Babylon hadn't changed our address, despite the fact that I spent a half hour on my lunch hour shortly after moving to Revere explaining to them that we moved. So they had sent the bank statement to our old address, and it came back. So I apologized to Tatyanna but I think that's what put her over the edge. Because we were planning a trip to California and about a month went by and we were getting ready to go. The kid was excited, I was excited, but Tatyanna had already made up her mind that she was going to go back to Russia. She was very homesick, she felt trapped by the fact that Petri only went to school three hours a day--he was in kindergarten--so she couldn't have a day-time job and had to get a minimum wage, part-time evening job. And she thought that I didn't like her, and I didn't trust her. She missed her family. She claimed she had nothing to look forward to and that she was miserable, so she left. That was on March 10th. We've talked on the phone numerous times since she left, and she really enjoys our relationship, and she loves me. She knows I treated her better than anybody else. She also says I'm the best lover she's ever had, and she's had sex with over ten different men. She said she was going to buy a plane ticket, then she realized that the plane tickets back are more expensive than the plane tickets out. But she said, "Don't worry, I can earn that money." I go, "But you don't have a job." And she goes, "This is Russia. There's other ways you can earn money!"

Jerry, a little overweight and starting to go grey, acts spooked out of his skin--perpetually white with fear, as if life were just one constant up-hill battle...and who knows, maybe it is for him.

JOE: What made you decide to get a Filipino mail order bride?

JERRY: I was having trouble meeting



American women. And I also didn't like the quality of the woman I was getting. It was like, you'd go out with them and they take off your clothes. They're so quick!

JOE: And that was a problem!?

JERRY: I don't wanna marry a woman who's been with every other guy!

JOE: What did you and Sarah talk about on your first phone call?

JERRY: Our first phone conversation wasn't too productive. It wasn't a good connection. I got this loud echo. When I would say something, it would repeat, so it was like talking to a deaf person.

JOE: What did you tell her to expect when she came to America?

JERRY: Basically, I told her don't expect too much. You know, people live and die in America like they live and die in the Philippines, and it's not going to be that different. True, you have a lot more freedom over here, but you know, nobody's going to hand you a silver spoon when you step off the plane. A lot of foreigners seem to think that, and there may be some truth to it with all the welfare bullshit.

JOE: How's your sex life?

JERRY: Great! Basically, any time I want it.

JOE: What about when she wants it? Do you eat her out?

JERRY: [embarrassed] Umm, yeah..

JOE: Does she give you head?

JERRY: Her mouth is too small to give blowjobs but she does what she can.

JOE: Where were you born?

SARAH: Masbate [pronounced mas-bat-e]. Province in the Philippines.

JOE: How many men wrote to you before Jerry?

SARAH: 30

JOE: What made Jerry's letter different?

SARAH: Most of my pen pals, they want only to see me, to meet me in person, and they want me to go with them, you know what I'm saying? And I don't like that. I'm a kind of a person that, you wanna marry me first, before I go with you. That's my point.

JOE: So you were a virgin before you were married?

SARAH: Yup.

JOE: Why did you want to come to America?

SARAH: Coming to America is just like the same as in my country. The only thing that we don't have is the snow. But I love my country, I really

do, because there are lots of beautiful spots too. But I'm interested to marry an American because, as far as I know, Americans are faithful, Americans are loving, they are--how do you call that?--one-man men. In my country we don't have as much separation. In my country, they fight each other, they throw things at each other, and in the face, but still they live together. But here in America you can't do that! They'll get rid of you if they don't like you anymore! That's what I don't like in the culture here. One of the American cultures is, if they don't like you anymore, they get rid of you right away. In my country if people fight they still live together.

JOE: What did you think of Jerry when you saw his picture? Did you think he was cute?

SARAH: [laughs] When he wrote a letter to me, at the same time, I have three men who are "serious." I have one from Austria, one from California, and I have Jerry. The other two wanted me to go to Hong Kong and meet there before we get married, but Jerry said he would come to my country and marry me there.

JOE: You didn't want to meet the other men first?

SARAH: I come from a conservative family.

JOE: What do you hate the most about Jerry?

SARAH: Because honestly my husband is, he is a good-looking person, you know what I'm saying? He is good-looking, I accept that. So I hate the way, umm...not hate, I do not hate my husband...but it makes me upset if he looks at another woman!



JOE: Does he do that?

SARAH: Um, once and a while [laughs]. Because, honestly Joe, I'm a jealous type of a person! Not only me, but our culture. I grew up in that way. Asian people are like that

JOE: What do you think of American women?

SARAH: You're asking me what is the difference between Filipino and American women? American women are beautiful, they're sexy, but I don't know if all the American women I can respect. Because of the way they dress. In my country it's not like that. With Jerry, I try him--in my letter I say, "You want a picture of me in a bathing suit?" And he said, "No, no, no, I'm not interested in that!" And that made me more interested in him. Jerry is a nice guy. Sometimes when I get home from work, even if I'm tired, I still get smiles.

JOE: He always looks so worried.

SARAH: He's always worried! You're going to get old if you're



always worried. I told him, "What's wrong with you? Did someone give you a hard time at work?" And he won't talk, which makes me upset. I don't like that. I don't like a person that, I give them a smile and they didn't give a smile back to me. Jerry's a quiet person, and it's hard for me to deal with. Because I'm a person can't stop talking, and he said to me, "Will you shut up?" [laughs]

JOE: How is Jerry as a lover?

SARAH: He's good! He's terrific! That's why I love him very much!

JOE: Who usually initiates sex?

SARAH: The way I grew up, we are very affectionate. Fooling around to a Filipino means hugging, kissing and teasing, not just like sex. We don't do that every night, or whatever. What we need, what is important to us, is attention. That's what I mean, when Jerry gets home, he is tired or he has something that is in his mind--because, when he gets home, even if I tease him, or fool around with him, he avoids me.

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Dian Hanson: Pornographer

Dian Hanson is 45 and has a long face, long gray hair, long legs, and a long career in pornography. She started *Big Butts, Jugs and Leg Show*. She went out with Robert Crumb and Joe Coleman. Her parents head a religious cult out in the woods. Will Partridge and I visited her upstate New York house, filled with taxidermied animals attacking each other, to talk about sex. I like her magazines because the models have all different facial expressions and vaginal hairdo's. However, I have heard more than one complaint (two, actually) from New York City socialites that for a woman who runs the country's preeminent foot and leg magazine, she sure does wear ugly shoes. We begin with Dian reminiscing on orgies in the 1970s...

DIAN: Swinging in general was a suburban phenomena--these people were not sophisticates. They were the hairdressers from Bayonne and their husbands the insurance adjustors. I went to a club in Pennsylvania way out in the woods on assignment for *Puritan* magazine, and a woman who must have been 75 years old ran by the door naked. We said, "Let's get out of here!" and the door opened and so we were stuck--and it was a swing club for senior citizens! That was my worst experience.

LISA: As an investigative journalist, it was your duty to--

DIAN: Oh, we did! Yes! Oh, slipping denture sex, and don't touch the hair or it'll fall off. We actually went in there and had sex with a couple of these people. These were days when sex was very easily wandered into.

LISA: Do you know of any of that going on now?

DIAN: I know of one girl who goes to some in Cleveland. I know some gay masturbation clubs have sprung up again. They're basically people who are all HIV-positive going to have irec sex. The new [mostly] straight sex clubs are strongly policed. There's monitors walking around checking to see that there are barriers on everything--everyone has to wear gloves and condoms. They go through rolls and rolls of Saran Wrap. Anything you're going to put your tongue on or a genital against must have a plastic coating over it.

LISA: Do you feel people like to have sex less now, and fetishes are a way of hiding one's fear or repulsion?

DIAN: About all this organized, public fetish display--most of it is just fashion posturing. Glossy fetish magazines like *Skin Two* are just fashion magazines. They don't want people masturbating to their spreads--they think that's sallying. And yet they're toying with people's sexuality. Every model we get at the magazine works at an S&M house and considers herself a dominant. It's fashion. Meanwhile, most of them haven't even figured out what they really want sexually. If you go to a fetish party here in New York, you're going to see a lot of attractive young people dressed in rubber and PVC and platform shoes. And they have no interest in the sexual implications at all. If some guy came up to them with a hard-on, quivering, they'd be outraged. There will be a few people who are really into it, and they'll be the paunchy, middle-aged guys from New Jersey!

LISA: I know--they look like your boss from the neck up, and from the neck down it's red rubber man!

DIAN: Or they're dressed like a baby with their pants down

around their ankles and everyone's going to be vaguely uncomfortable with them.

LISA: How come guys in porn movies were always ugly and now all of a sudden they're good-looking?

DIAN: I think the thought was, correctly so, that the average viewer would be intimidated by a too-attractive man. Think of Ron Jeremy--they like that he's an ugly, little guy. He is a hero to plain men everywhere. I think porn men have gotten too attractive, too slick. They look very perfected. Anal is huge now in porn, and they do it with no tension, no drama, no sense that it's a very hard thing to get poked in the butt by a guy with a ten-inch dick. And that takes the fun out of it! It should look *hard*. I mean, it should be a very difficult thing to achieve. And porn, in getting so slick and so extreme, I think has dulled everyone's palate.

LISA: And the men are good-looking because...

DIAN: Everyone has to be good-looking now. Look at Prime Time TV. If you watch *Nick At Night*, you'll see that before, there would be one good-looking person and a lot of characters. Look at *The Honeymooners*--none of them looked very good, and we were perfectly happy. *I Love Lucy*--Lucy was kind of cute and wore those nice ankle-strap shoes, but she was 40 years old when the show began. Now, the people have to be youthful, all the women have to be attractive, and now all the men have to be attractive too. It's finding out what people like and then demanding that everyone meet up to the standard. Whereas, it's more exciting if you have one or two people you can really focus on. Russ Meyer said that if all the women in his movies had big boobs, you would lose perspective very quickly, and that would just become normal, and therefore not as exciting. So he'd always have a few women in his movies who were fairly small-breasted so that you can see them side-by-side and continue to be impressed with the big breast.

LISA: What's your take on soap operas?

DIAN: Soap operas amaze me. I see these big, hunky, good-looking men say, (sob), "Please, you can't go to the conference now--we have to talk about our relationship." And the woman says, "My work comes first. Get out of here!" The woman's fantasy is to be the man and that the man will be the woman. In reality, I think women would reject those men. The man's fantasy is that the woman will be like a transsexual--she'll be all tarted up to the teeth and he'll walk into a bar and she'll be sitting there and she'll say, "Hey, stud, can I suck your dick? Come to the bathroom." Transsexuals look like women, act like men. A man will think that's what he'd like from a woman. But in fact most men want a woman who is sort of reminiscent of their mother. They want a woman who will nurture them, who will be good. And most women want some guy who's kind of like their dad--who maybe doesn't express himself that well, but who is able to fix things around the house and make them feel safe.

LISA: You were influenced by that Kraft Ebing book--*Psychopathia Sexualis*. Do you have a favorite perversion?

DIAN: One that really struck me, maybe because I was a homely child, was a man who was obsessed with ugly old crones. This fixation came from someone who took care of him as a child--a governess. Which is pretty easy to do--you get the boner and you

look around. That's how it seems to work with boys. They do want to find a reason for this alarming thing that happened--"My thing's hard!"--and they tend to fixate on whatever's around them at the time. And they will think about it, elaborate on it in their minds, and the next time they see that thing, they tend to teach themselves to be aroused. You know, very Pavlovian.

LISA: Where'd you find that one-legged model?

DIAN: Oh, that's an Eric Kroll find. Eric Kroll looks hard for girls like that.

LISA: He's a great photographer. What's he like to work with?

DIAN: Eric Kroll is kind of a difficult artist. He's an irritable, demanding kind of guy.

LISA: Hey, what's his phone number?

DIAN: [laughs] Yeah, he's a handful.

LISA: Barbie has no butt!

[*There was a barbie on the couch with us.*]

DIAN: There is an anti-butt movement going on among the girls. Their tits cannot be too big or too fat, but they do not understand the sexual allure of their asses. And they don't want to. Men are very butt-conscious, butt-positive. They want a small waist and a big, flowering bottom. When you walk down the street, you get more comments on your ass than you will on your tits. That's why I started *Big Butts*--for the men who want a girl disproportionately buttfied.

LISA: Did you hear, they came out with a new Barbie? The Divorced Barbie--she comes with all of Ken's stuff

DIAN: Eh, eh, eh, eh! A lot of boys liked Barbie, but they never liked Ken. Ken was just always the eunuch who guarded the harem. They represented themselves through G.I. Joe, who was the real manly guy

LISA: Did G.I. Joe have a bulge?

DIAN: I don't know. I never looked closely. But I know that over and over again G.I. Joe would come and take Barbie away from Ken, and G.I. Joe would set up a whorehouse with all of the sisters' Barbies. None of the boys would play with Ken. And the girls wouldn't either. Nobody has room for Ken.

WILL: He looks like he'd never last in a fight.

DIAN: Yeah--he's the safe date.

WILL: He does look like a date-raper though, actually.

LISA: What's Joe Coleman like?

DIAN: Different from what the world thinks--that he's this crazy man, serial killer, angry. He came from a repressive, Catholic background where emotions could not be expressed. He had a difficult childhood, very angry father and a clinging mother who made him, you know, her little husband. The good thing about Joe was that he was so sensitive and the bad thing about Joe is that he was so sensitive. Remembered every holiday, made me wonderful pieces of art.

LISA: What do you think women feel when they look at *Leg*

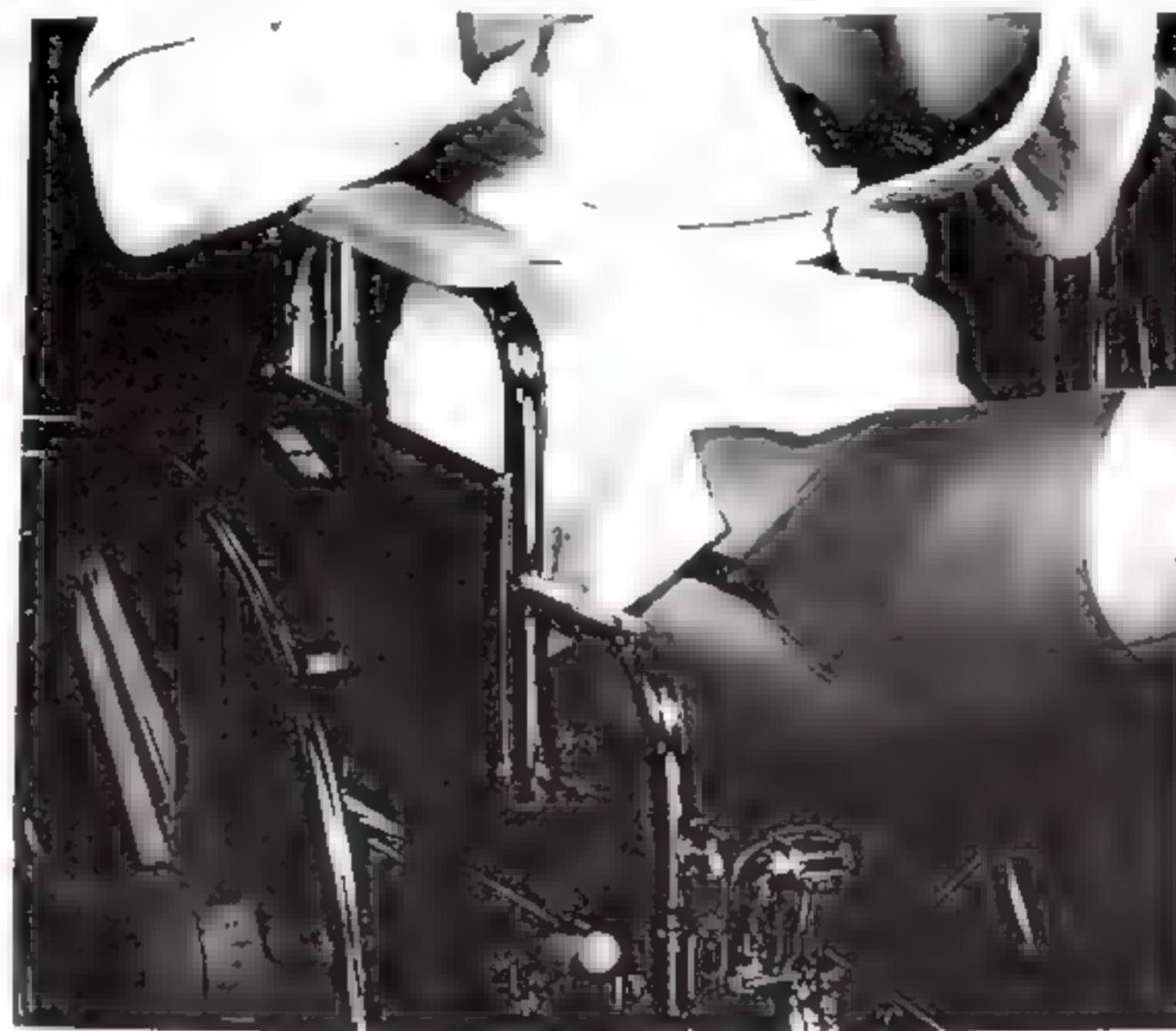
Show? Will and I looked at it, picking out, you know, which girls would be best to have sex with, and our criteria was really different. He'd choose a girl by how good-looking her vagina was. I'd never be able to differentiate--I wouldn't know what a "good" vagina was if it bit me in the face.

DIAN: I guess this is why I'm cut out to be a pornographer: there are vaginas I'll really envy. Those perfect hot dog bun ones where the outer lips are big and they're closed up and nothing comes out--they're plump and smooth.

LISA: Wouldn't that woman have a harder time having an orgasm, because her clitoris is buried?

DIAN: Well, clitorises are certainly a difficult issue. I think that childbirth changes the position of the clitoris. I've talked to

women who've said that the stretching involved in that moves the clitoris back away and that they've had a harder time having orgasm after that. When women say they're sexually disinterested after childbirth, I think that some of that is they're anatomically different. But, I mean, women have an easy time having orgasm if they are sexually free, and they have a hard time if they are inhibited--you know, clitorises aside. Women who have been on steroids, their clitorises get really big--they have an easier time. There's a place [laughs] in the world for steroids for women. Their clits get like penises! They can get clitoral contact



woman in wheelchair (section)

in any position.

WILL: How big can they get?

DIAN: Like this [*two inches*]. And it sticks out and it's broad. I've been in this business for a long time, and I've definitely seen plenty of clitorises--and I've seen a trend towards larger clitorises now. Whether this is the hormones that are regularly injected into meat--

Back to the original question. When heterosexual women look at *Leg Show*, they're looking at the power dynamic. The woman looks strong, she looks like she's having a good time, she looks glamorous. They project themselves--women look at women and compare them to themselves. That's why we have sexy covergirls on *Cosmo*. You couldn't sell a magazine to heterosexual men showing, you know, Brad Pitt half-undressed, looking damp. They're not gonna buy that! It's always confusing to men that women look at women--it fuels the notion that all women are naturally bisexual. We compare ourselves: "What part of me looks like her?" We fantasize being glamorous and desirable. That is our age-old place in the world--we are the seducers. We are alluring, and we attract the men. So women culturally are exhibitionistic. It's our role. We exhibit ourselves; the male is drawn. So I think that women find something [in porn] that they can happily identify with. They would like to feel as strong and confident and in-control. They read the copy and the

women are humiliating men and giggling at them, and that seems like fun. I don't think it necessarily turns them on. I think it just gives them a positive sexual feeling. I think that what turns most women on is being submissive. Women that are getting off to hard-core porn, they're getting off to situations where the men are in control.

LISA: Why would men want to be dominated?

DIAN: Men brought up in repressive households can't have sex unless the woman forces them to, because sex is evil. And so they fantasize about a strong-willed woman who will make them do things for her pleasure. Those things just happen to be what the man wants. "Don't throw me in the briar patch." Now we've had 20 solid years of feminism, of men being told "you're not doing it right, you're not satisfying us, we're angry, if you would *only* do it right we'd be happy." I've been working in this field for 20 years. In the beginning, the letters were, "I'd like to fuck you, I'd like you to give me a blow job." Then it started to be, "I want to eat your pussy." Men were taught they had to eat pussy. And men, with their eagerness and their sex drive, would get into whatever it is the woman says she wants. In fact, they'd get into it *so* much that they give it to her *more* than she wants! And then she says, "I don't want that anymore!" With women getting harder and harder to please, a lot of men are just going, "I give up. You tell me. You use me." And that's the sort of letters I get from young men now: "Just take me and do with me as you will. Use me as your sex toy and get yourself off." And then that relieves all that anxiety about pleasing the woman. Men have come to eroticize, for survival's sake, the woman's dissatisfaction.

LISA: What are your top three modes of masturbation?

DIAN: I don't think I have three. My favorite is to use the

Hitachi Magic Wand clitorally. Second favorite would be to use the Hitachi Magic Wand and some sort of insert, which I would move back and forth. I guess after that, having to use my fingers—which would only happen if the electricity went out!

WILL: There seems to be a lot of foot action going on in *Leg Show*. Do you have a foot fetish?

DIAN: Women tend not to have fetishes. It's pretty much a male province. The few women I've found who really seem to have fetishes are lesbian. Women like shoes. But we're not taking the shoe to bed and masturbating to it. A real fetishist must have the fetish object there, cannot achieve erection or function sexually without interacting with the fetish object. But most people are partialists. They're attracted to the foot, it's stimulating to think about it, smell it, to look at it—but it's not necessary. It's an extra. It's like, you like to get a blow job, but it's fine if you don't get a blow job.

LISA: I love that you rip the pantyhose on your models so often.

DIAN: Well, it's trying to figure out how to get to the pussy! [laughs] I've been trying to do a lot with wet panties too. There are men who just want a woman to be naked. Those men do not read *Leg Show*. Nylon, nylon...there's more men who like nylon than anything else. Nylon has an interesting feel, an interesting look, and it holds and promotes odor. People are very ambivalent about smell. They say, "Oh yeah, I like perfume and flowers." But do animals like perfume and flowers? They hate perfume and flowers! What they like is food and butt smell. They recoil from what we humans have been trained to like, and we have been trained to recoil from food and butt smell as low and uncivilized. I like the smell of dick.

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Sex and Sensibility

"no cute name for YOU, Mister!" by Lisa Crystal Carver

There are two main ways of doing it: sexual or sensual.

Sexualists are into sex. Sensualists are into eroticism--things that aren't sex but involve the thought of sex. Sensualists are romantic, they set the mood. They notice texture and scent. They light candles and incense, have plenty of time, and are ready to *explore the options*. Baths are meaningful beyond just getting clean if you're a sensualist. You take vacations or retreats or sabbaticals. You lie in mud. You kiss for a wicked long time. And I suspect you of liking smooth jazz, though I don't want to get too accusatory right at the start.

Sexualists are more enthusiastic, brutal, garish. We're on a mission. We don't care about our house, and food is just something to eat when we're hungry. We don't see the whole picture. We have tunnel vision. While the sensualists toil over preparations for the perfect evening, sexualists make do. We do it in our work clothes at a truck stop in five minutes flat. We're just that way. I'm not waiting around while someone lights some damn candles. If you know what you want, why do other stuff first? Sexualists are propelled forward in life, not sideways. We're balls of energy, not enjoyment. The sensualist luxuriates in a vast world of possibilities, the sexualist lives with definite goals which we are always leaping on and pummeling into submission.

I had sex with a sensualist once.

He hung his long hair (ugh!) around my face like a tent, cutting off all my light, and said, "How does that look and feel?" And he paused. I realized he was waiting for me to compliment him on his eroticism--and until I did, he was withholding! Withholding thrusts. So I lied and said, "That's so cool."

There's nothing worse to the sexualist than someone who takes too long.

Oh god it's so awful--they peer into your eyes and they stroke you and say, "Mmm." Quit trying to gauge my pleasure level! Canada is a sensual land. 51% of Canadians surveyed in a fashion magazine said they valued their partner's satisfaction above their own. *Above* their own! Quit *looking* at me, Canadian lover! It's a lot of pressure having someone hovering up there, worrying about my orgasms. Just leave me alone--I know how to get there. I mean, don't leave me alone, but....

Sensualists do weird things.

Like have sex without orgasm on purpose, or stare for six hours until they see into each other's souls. I'm not sure I want to know about someone else's soul--I have enough trouble being responsible for my own. Sometimes I feel bad that I don't have more eroticism, because those people really do seem to find pleasure doing things with each other. But the things they do! They do colon hydrotherapy and a whole bunch of other wacky fetishes.

They're sick.

I'll say unequivocably all sensualists are sick. They sniff feet and get a hardon. They have a richer world. So much is going on there. Secretly, I wish I too could get all excited about feet and colon hydrotherapy. I just don't understand it at all.

They write long letters.

Erotic letters should be no more than two lines. "You are the most attractive person I have ever met in my life. I'm dying with desire--dying!" will get your message across with a minimum of fuss. I wonder about these people who send four-page single-spaced letters about what they'd like to do. Just come to my house and *do it already!* Once you figure out your feelings, isn't the next step to act, not ruminate on them for four pages long? When Robert Plant promises over and over that he's going to give us every inch of his "love," the sexualists think, "Well what else could he give us? Two-thirds of the inches of his love?" A lot that's said never needed to be said. The Scorpions know better: "There are no words to describe all my longings for love."

These people do stuff with the fluids.

Why??? When giving a blowjob, the obvious thing to do is swallow the semen--it's neat, polite and efficient. I don't smear it or drip it into the guy's own mouth or any of those other things I know those sensual people are going around doing. The guy *already came*, he doesn't want to be doing anything messy anymore. Getting come sprayed in your hair or on your breasts or whatever is fine, because that adds to the excitement of the ejaculation itself. The woman gets to be a little defiled (which is always a good time) and the man gets to actually see his claim being staked on the woman's person. It makes sense. Of course, being a little anemic myself, I always prefer to swallow (for the protein).

Sixty-nine is strictly for the sensualists.

They want to have their mouth on an organ, scent in their nostrils and flesh in their fists *while* you-know-what is going on down there. Not me! I need to concentrate. I can't even think, much less perform, while *that's* going on! That's like two half-good jobs happening concurrently instead of two miraculous deeds occurring separately, in a row. People need to *prioritize*. Just kidding. I mean about the word prioritize.

One thing I'm not sure about is anal sex.

On the sexual side, it works and it hurts, two things our kind like. On the sensual side, it's gross and it's not quite right, two things their kind go for.

Some of my best friends are sensualists.

Though I don't understand their ways, and would rather they didn't have their way with me, sensualists do make interesting and loyal friends. Like Rachel. Rachel will dance for hours naked in front of the mirror. If I found myself all

alone in the house, naked and dancing, I'd say, "What am I doing?!" and put some clothes on and go back to work. We're a purposeful people, we sexualists. I always read you're supposed to do little things just for yourself to bring out your sensual side, but what kind of a game is that? Why tempt and sexually hunt down yourself? You know already what the outcome's gonna be. I can make myself come in two minutes. Why spend two hours? I suppose I admire sensualists for their patience, but it's like I admire babies for getting taken care of and having no bills to pay. I envy aspects of their experience, but ultimately both sensualists and babies are like aliens to me--I can't imagine trading places with either one. I don't have empathic thought for not paying bills or waiting to have sex.

DON'T BE COY! DON'T PRETEND! WE KNOW WHAT'S REAL!

Two approaches to fucking the tub.

In a conversation with a sensualist, it came out that we both masturbate by lying under the bath tub faucet. But she likes to let it just barely dribble onto her you-know-what, and allow the pleasure to build slowly, while I turn it all the way up and swivel right up to the opening, where the water rushes hardest. That's when I figured it out: the sensualists are in it for the long haul--they want to be enfolded in sensation, and to expand their consciousness to the breadth of the universe, encompassing everything. Whereas I want to lose everything I want to be smashed to pieces. I want to know nothing.

AND "NATURAL CIGARS" DOES NOT MEAN "REAL".

"ARTIFICIAL" SIGNIFIES ONLY THAT IT WAS CREATED BY HUMANS.

You can tell right away which category people fall under.

Well of course if the man has long hair he's sensual. Oh lord, protect me and my kind from the long-haired man and his slithery ways! Dangling hair in their faces, dangling pauses in their speech (to show how meaningful they're being), dangling promises of future love (or are those threats?), strange hands and arms dangling all over me. They're big danglers, those sensualists. They wear soft, spongy footware, sculpt designs in their beards, and bestow multitudinous casual compliments to all. They're messy human beings, with all that dangling and complimenting and beard-growing. They're billowing with layers. Layers of issues, layers of scents, layers of spirituality, layers of meanings to their song lyrics, layers of vests and scarves and belts and pins and other ungodly items I can't imagine having the time to collect, store, coordinate, and take off and put away at night. They're like walking waterfalls!

Whereas there's something startlingly accurate about the sexualists. They're unfettered by facial hair or items or issues. They have no issues. None! They have one or two beliefs, to which their lives are devoted. You see them so sharply focused, so unwavering, and it's such a challenge...you're dying to swerve 'em just a little... The externals might be slightly in disarray (i.e., shirt half tucked-in, half out), but the internal is like a robot on fire. They can appear cruel and emotionless...and, well, on a bad day, they are. But at least they're not hypocrites, using protestations of caring for others as an excuse to show off their soul and paw your body. Plus they have better shoes. I can spot a sexualist on the street blocks away. They pass by me, and

I am briefly but utterly possessed by their voracious yet uncaring eyes. Oh my god I do like them. I want to be had in a doorway by each and every one of them. Sexualists burn everything out--habits, towns, lovers--because they are so ravenous. Burn me, please! They don't take it easy.

Henry Miller and Marilyn Monroe stand out as sensualists. Jack Nicholson is a big sexualist, but I hate to admit he's in our camp because he's such a leech. That's OK--we also have Joan Collins and Xena the Warrior Princess.

They're pleasure-givers, we're thrill-seekers.

Let them have the trust and the saunas and all other things that drip. We'll take the fear, ripped-up knees and the possibility of getting caught. Preferably in a cold place.

REAL! IT'S FUN TO TELL THE TRUTH! What do you have to lose? What's the worse that could happen? Compare that to NOTHING happening. Rejection is not a problem.

Most sexualists were raised Protestant, and sensualists Catholic. And as the Catholics greatly outnumber us former Protestants, so do the sensualists. I see an army of massage-oiled zombies looming and leering, promising pleasure, as we cower, shaking, in the middle of our small wagon circle defense. It's not enough that they have each other--they want us too! They want to play our bodies like fine-tuned cellos, employing all their acquired lovemaking skills. But we'll fight it till the bitter end! Fight for our right to grapple our love interests to the ground with no finesse at all, and little to no consideration--with nothing but urgency

And we'll fight for our right to feel good all at once for just a few minutes--a powerful, undiluted concentration of destructive joy--rather than let it spread out and seep all over the place all afternoon long! Fight for the right to ram and be rammed! The battle will be difficult, for they are so numerous and slippery, but we have swiftness and evil intent on our side. Charge!!!

Does anyone say "wicked" outside of New England? It means "very, very".

A personal p.s. I'm not so dichotomizing in real life. To admit the truth, sometimes I do like to do it slow. Even wicked slow. And I am interested in people's souls--just not when they're so abundantly accessible. I only get so crotchety because I feel so surrounded. There's 200 of them to every one of us, and they're so vocal! While I have no desire to convert those different from me, the feel-good people won't be satisfied until I live exactly like them. They're always massaging my shoulders--and everyone else's shoulders, and trying to make me taste their food, and giving me medicine when I have a cold. I don't want to feel good when I'm sick! I'm supposed to be sick when I'm sick! Not one of them has ever been able to accept that I'm not going to take that cold medicine. Never! I'll never relax! I'll never wear earth tones! I'll never smoke pot! And it'll be a cold day in hell before I'll get conned into having sex merely because "it feels good" when I know it's so much more than that, but I don't want to say what because then I'll sound all poetic or grandiose and you'll think I've been lying all along about being a rough and ready American.

I stole that "sexualists are into sex, sensualists are into eroticism" line right out of Joshua Mills' mouth. I was inspired by Melissa Jasper on the topics of scarves and shoes and by Jessica Hundley, even though the latter is a sensual st. She's a smart, funny, fun sensualist, and I'm sure she's great in bed too. See, there are exceptions to every one of my rules.

YOURS, YOU JUST HAVE TO USE IT! . oh, sorry, I got carried away. Forgot what I was writing about for a minute....

In a car in New York City with Mrs. Kate Landau....

LISA: What would you say is the difference between a sexualist and a sensualist?

KATE: The difference between fucking and making love. Sometimes you have both in one person. One person can be a fucker and a lovemaker. For sensualism, what I really like is to be petted. But when it comes down to the act...love hurts. When you're a sexualist, you like getting it pretty fucking hard, so that your head rams up against the headboard. I like to have my hair pulled and my face slapped, my head bouncing up and down against the headboard...oh! Oh... Wow! But, you know, a lot of these guys don't have the energy to be piledriving you, flipping you over onto your face, so you have to accept the sensualism.

DUSTIN (driving): Where are we?

KATE: Oh, I'm sorry--we were supposed to turn left about ten blocks ago. All I have to think of is the word "headboard" and I'm.

LISA: Do you think there's drugs that go with each division?

KATE: Cocaine is really good for fucking. Makes you wanna [punches her fist] all the time. Yup! Yup! Yup! Yup! Yup! Heh, heh! Ow! Ow! Huh-huh-huh!

But on X, you can get really touchy-fucking-feely. So that would be for the sensualists. Somebody kisses you, and it takes on a color. It's crazy. I was making out on X and it was like turquoise-turquoise-turquoise. I was like, "Wow, heavy." My rational mind was grossed out at me for saying "Wow, heavy." But it was!

LISA: Can you imagine doing it on PCP? Would anyone survive?

KATE: I only took it once. I thought I saw relatives everywhere I went. It was horrifying.

LISA: I had sex on acid once. I remember saying things like, "Alligators lurking in my gene pool," and him saying things like, "Am I in? What's going on? What is that?"

"I don't know--what is that?"

"It's your knee!"

"Ewww! Get it off me!" I wanted him to take my knee off. I guess that would be sexualist???

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LISA: Death rockers: sensualists or sexualists?

KATE: I don't think they have any sex at all.

LISA: They're sensualists. They have the dead roses everywhere. A carefully created atmosphere is the mark of the sensualist. The death rockers' houses are all like attics: the windows are closed and everything is dry and dead and musty and you can't see anything. How can they even breathe when they have sex? They must rasp and wheeze.

KATE: I don't think they *have* sex. That guy from Marilyn Manson talking about wanting to fuck somebody's eye socket....

LISA: I was talking about old school death rockers: Christian Death, Death In June. The death school of death rock, not the false limbs school. Wanna hear something awful I heard?

KATE: Yes, yes.

LISA: This girl was dying to have sex with one of the members of Marilyn Manson, so he said OK, but only if you do it in front of everyone else and make the Satan sign and say what a big fan you are the whole time I do it to you from behind. And she said OK! And they videotaped it! And she was crying.

KATE: What a retard. What a fucking prick. It's like, "Look what I can do."

LISA: What about hardcore?

KATE: They try to be sensualists, but they can't help but fuck, because they've got all that energy. They're like this [demonstrates wild, fast bucking in the back seat].

LISA: They're like [does what Kate's doing]. Ha, ha, ha! "OK, I'm done! OK, come back! I'm gonna do it again!"

KATE: Huh!

LISA: They're the friggin' poodles of the sex world. OK, what else is there? Models

KATE: I think models are sensualists, but they're forced to be sexualists. I think a lot of time people take out their aggressions

on them. I think they get a lot more hard sex than they may want. If I was fucking a model, I'd fuck her really hard.

LISA: Heavy metal

KATE: Sensualists. They treat girls really badly, but they're really into the act of making love. 'Cause they want to be able to say they're real ladies' men. I've had a lot of heavy metal guys after me all my life, but I don't succumb, because I don't want roses afterwards, and "Yeah, baby..." and have to deal with all their hair products.

LISA: What about yuppies?

KATE: Never did one.

LISA: Me neither. They're a mystery to us. What



me & Kate, NYC

about the modern primitives?

KATE: They'll do whatever you tell them to if they think you're some sort of sexual free spirit. You can get them to have sex with you in public or whatever if you can just convince them that it's cool to do this--because they're so trend-happy.

LISA: Porn people.

KATE: Porn people are such geeks. All they do is jerk off. Porn people have the least amount of sex of anybody. You hear that nerds are better lovers because they think about it all the time, but they think about fucking their hand! And when they're fucking a girl, they're fantasizing about jerking off.

DUSTIN: Wow. I was a porn person for a very long time, and you're very right.

LISA: What about fanzine people?

KATE: Like porn people. They just want to wack off.

LISA: Well, I think they want to have a serious relationship, they want to be accepted.

KATE: They want a relationship, but they want it to get to the point where they don't have to fuck anymore, so they can jerk off again. 'Cause they want emotional support, but they really just want to wack off. That's the fanzine world.

LISA: Blue collar.

KATE: Fuckers. White trash are fuckers. They're big ass-fuckers too. They always have these great big dicks and they're always trying to ram it up your back door. Huh-huh-huh!

LISA: Why do you suppose that is?

KATE: I don't know. I really don't know.

LISA: It just is.

KATE: I don't make the world, I just report the facts. They're such ass bandits! If you ask them, they won't say they're ass bandits, but when you get them in the sack, guaranteed they're poking at you. Poking for the rear delivery.

DUSTIN: What group is Kate in?

LISA: Kate is a comet of light, hurling life into any group she lands on. *I'm picking on the sensualists again. It's kind of disgusting when the soul is bared without*

Interview with a young lady who describes herself as "an enraged, humorless dyke"....

LISA: Are you a sexualist or a sensualist?

AMY KELLNER: I start off as a sexualist, but end up sensualist. At the beginning, I'll be all aggressive, but then by the end I'll be sobbing and saying, "I love you!" Wait--is a sexualist in a hurry to get it over?

LISA: Not really--they're just consumed with the desire to do it, then once it's done they're consumed with the desire to leap up and go do something else. Sensualists want to bask in the afterglow.

AMY: Then I'm a sexualist, at least as far as my neighbors are concerned, 'cause last night they were doing it, and I was mad because it went on forever, and I was like, "All right, already!"

LISA: I heard my neighbor faking orgasms the other night. Kate wants me to ask you why you wear those "fucking tightie-whities."

AMY: First of all, the hole that hole it's fun, you can stick your hand in there. And it used to be illegal for women to wear men's underwear. In the '50s, you'd get thrown in jail if there was a raid at the dyke bar.

LISA: What, would police pull down everyone's pants and check?

AMY: Yes.

LISA: How do you know that?

AMY: Lots of historical accounts. Leslie Feinberg, *Stone Butch Blues*--it happened to her.

LISA: Do you fantasize about it happening to you?

AMY: Yeah, yeah, sure.

LISA: So you're *not* a lezzie. You got a thing for cops. Men-cops.

AMY: No!

LISA: Yes!

AMY: I don't think so.

LISA: Admit it. Admit you want some cops to come get you *right now* and pull down your pants to see your dirty male unders. Those calloused cop-thumbs poking you.

AMY: I'll have to think about this later.

LISA: I can read your mind like an open book, Amy. There's cops in every page.

LISA: I wanted to give you a chance to defend yourself for your chin-sucking ways. (*He and his wife suck each other's chins!!!*)

MATT JASPER: We don't do it very often.

LISA: Once is enough!

MATT: I had sex with Beatrice again even though she's not supposed to do it at all till three weeks after [their second baby was born]. There was blood all over my penis. Is that dedicated? Does that prove I'm a sexualist?

LISA: Ugh!

MATT: I only let it go in halfway.

LISA: Your poor wife. Did she enjoy it?

MATT: I think so. She named herself my eternal slut, but "eternal" is a sensualist word, isn't it?

LISA: Sexualism does not exclude true love!

MATT: Oh, it doesn't? Phew.

LISA: Matt, leave your poor wife alone.

E-mail from Kerry McLaughlin to Lisa....

The media seems to love sex addicts. Guys like Charlie Sheen are sex addicts. Apparently David Duchovny is one too. They are the extreme of who I think you mean by sexualists. The kind of guy who says "I love all women. I just LOOOVE women!" There are definitely women sexualists, but my instant association is with men. Sensualists seem to appreciate the entire package, not just the conquest. I think when you can entirely detach emotion from sex, that's a sexualist act. It's a gradient; on one end there's Charlie Sheen and on the other end is Pepe Le Pew or Fabio. I, of course, bend toward Fabio and Pepe. Charlie Sheen is just gross. He seems like he'd constantly have girl juices dripping from his horrible goatee. Extreme sensualists can annoy just as much though. sometimes you just want to fuck without appreciating the act!

4 hours later

I just realized you would probably consider yourself a sexualist.

You're no Charlie Sheen, but yeah, I could see it. I get impatient too, but I like the romance. That may just be because my boyfriend is a pragmatist and doesn't do anything extracurricular unless I make him.

Lisa here.

Just ten minutes ago, while typing, I suddenly caught myself by surprise giving myself a hickey on my inner right elbow. Shocked and helpless, I succumbed to my sensualist attack. This led to certain activities culminating in hallucinations that the hood of a car was melding with the front half of my body--and it felt good! I crossed over to the soft side. And god bless those softie sensualists, each and every one of 'em. (I feel magnanimous just now.)

The End!



Atari Teenage Riot

head-banging, break-beating, chaotic

Atari Teenage Riot is a left-radical techno hardcore group consisting of: Carl Crack, who moved from South Africa to Berlin at the age of two; Hanin Elias, a sleek and noisy feminist who on this night was delivering her baby back in Germany (replaced on this tour by two women, one black and joyful; the other heavily made-up and tattooed, probably Asian, definitely evil); and Alec Empire, who is 24 and has a ton of presence. My boyfriend broke up with me later that night over the way Alec and I looked at each other, even though I didn't actually say or do anything wrong. I thought I was being so good. here's a man who has knife wounds, a penetrating gaze and arrives from distant lands, and I didn't even give him my phone number! I guess for some people thoughts are as bad as actions

I walked in the room feeling I was going to meet an enemy, because the extreme left has given me so much shit these last few years. In the 60 seconds it took to get from the door to the center of the room where Mr. Empire was standing and for him to lean over me to set his recorder next to mine, I changed my mind completely it wouldn't be so bad to cross party lines after all. Still, I wouldn't give up without a fight!

LISA: Oh, you're recording this too
Tricky

ALEC: Not tricky--I want your voice on
my tape, to hear later

LISA: You say "The wankers tried to pull
us down but we will smash them in."
Who are the wankers?

ALEC: Everyone

LISA: Everyone? And what are they doing
to try to pull you down?

ALEC: Won't play us on the radio in
Germany. Or when they do play it, just
the fact that you appear on certain media
can destroy you

LISA: Really?

ALEC: I mean, what would you think if
we were to be on MTV?

LISA: I think you're being a little
sensitive. MTV won't hurt you. So, what
are you going to do to "smash them in"
exactly?

ALEC: Words and physical violence

LISA: You get in fistfights?

ALEC: Yeah, what do you think?

LISA: Yeah? Any broken bones?

ALEC: Yeah

LISA: Woah! Whose bones?

ALEC: The other peoples'.

LISA: Ah. Which bones?

ALEC: The worst: one head with big hole.
Because of that [the Berlin police are?] looking
for us. Stuff like this is in the
way, you know? Stuff like this just
happens; I'm not very proud of it. Is there
a glass?

LISA: Coke tastes better if you drink it
out of the can. It's supposed to taste tinny.

ALEC: Oh.

LISA: Do you have any scars?

ALEC: Yeah. [lifts shirt to show two





Lisa (by Alec)

blistery scars on chest near underarm]

Knife went in here and out there.

LISA: Was there a lot of blood?

ALEC: Blood spurted out, yes.

LISA: Ever been in jail?

ALEC: Me, no. Carl?

CARL: Yes.

LISA: Gonna tell us about it?

CARL: No. That's history now.

LISA: You live in the now

CARL: Yes.

LISA: What's your best slogan?

ALEC: "Riot sounds produce riots."

LISA: Well, which of your slogans would you yell at your mom if you were 15? If you yelled "Riot sounds produce riots!" she'd just say, "Oh, go to your room!"

CARL: "You haven't suffered the same as I have."

LISA: [incredulous] "You haven't suffered the same as I have"? And what do people reply? "Oh, I beg to differ, I have too suffered the same"?

CARL: Oh no, they haven't suffered the same.

LISA: What's the worst thing that happened to you? [pause] You're not telling.

CARL: No

LISA: Why not?

CARL: There are so many worst things. Maybe if I write my autobiography

LISA: Are you sure you're not French? I swear you're French. Um, OK. "Life is like a video game and there's no chance to win." That's a good slogan of yours. That's for the morose teens. Well, we haven't fought yet. Your publicist warned me that you are very political.

ALEC: I, too, have been warned. I received faxes that *Rollerderby* is a neo-Nazi magazine.

LISA: Really? [laughs] Do you do drugs?

ALEC: Never tried anything. Not even alcohol. You, Carl?

LISA: With him, it's in the past.

ALEC: Yes.

LISA: [To Evil-Eye Girl in corner:] So are you Alec's ladyfriend?

EVIL GIRL: [pause] No.

LISA: Well why have you been shooting me evil looks then?

EVIL GIRL: [pause] No.

ALEC: She just looks like that.

LISA: Do you have any kids?

EVIL GIRL: [pause] No.

LISA: OK. So, what's the greatest thing about America?

ALL GERMANS IN THE ROOM: Heh, heh.

ALEC: *Rollerderby*.

LISA: What's the second best thing?

ALEC: Uh... [the Germans laugh]

LISA: Why aren't you answering my question?

ALEC: We did.

LISA: Why did you come to this country if you hate it so much?

ALEC: America is shit.

JOYFUL-FACE GIRL: Fat people.

LISA: That's 'cause we're hungry.

JOYFUL GIRL: And carrying weapons.

ALEC: We didn't meet the right people yet perhaps. It just feels so boring over here.

LISA: Boring!? Boring fat shit-people brandishing weapons?

ALEC: I mean, do you understand what I mean?

LISA: Oh, I'm not understanding you, sir. [singing] "God bless America! Land that I love!" There's tons of fun things to do here.

ALEC: Go-carts is fun for me.

LISA: Can you tell me some German swears?

ALEC: *Fick Dich* is fuck you.

LISA: Fish Dish! Fish Dish!

ALEC: Say it again.

LISA: Fick du!



Alec drawing (by Lisa)

He actually sticks his tongue out & squints, just like a Peanuts character.

ALEC: Heh, beh. Fuck du. You just said like "darn it!" But you can't say it hard in German. "Fuck you" is harder.

LISA: What if you're really mad? How do you say, you know, motherfucking cunt-sucking son of a whore boot-licker?

ALEC: You don't say that, really. You say the English. *Arschloch* means asshole. *Votze* [pronounced footsuh] is very bad, that means cunt.

LISA: The French have good swears.

ALEC: *Ta geule*.

LISA: That's my favorite too. "Watch your face, I'm going to slap it."

[Side A ends. Side B resumes with...]

LISA: What's your problem with mountains?

ALEC: I just prefer the sea.

LISA: Aren't you going to take a stand? Don't just "prefer the sea."

ALEC: Yeah, I do. I prefer the sea.

LISA: I need more. C'mon. "I hate the mountains." Say that.

ALEC: No, I don't hate them. I just prefer the sea. It's not, heh heh, it's not so big deal. Is it?

LISA: You're Atari Teenage Riot!

ALEC: Is that about all bating?

LISA: I'm asking for some strong opinions here. Not just preferring the sea.

ALEC: I just want to know if you think it's what it's all about--hating stuff.

LISA: You're blond, aren't you? You dye your hair.

ALEC: Yes, I'm blond. Are you?

LISA: No.

ALEC: Is your true color dark like this [the tips]?

LISA: No. My true hair color is in the past. What do you hate most? Name two.

ALEC: I hate the army and I hate... and I hate... and I hate... I hate boring situations.

LISA: Now what would you do without an army? Another army would come in and enslave you. This is what happens in your anarchy. You'd be taken over!

ALEC: You think so?

LISA: You have no government to make the orders, no army to defend the borders...

ALEC: No one would know what to take over.

LISA: They'd take over your women, your houses...you'd be cryin'!

CARL: We need no defense--with anarchy, the people and the system would be totally changed. The minds would be totally different.

LISA: Maybe your mind would be totally different, but there will always be some aggressive beasts out there waiting to take over unorganized peoples

ALEC: It won't be always like that. If you want to take away the police, then everyone will say, "But there is so much crime." The question is, do you want more police; you think then there'll be less crime? If there were no prisons, no psychiatric hospitals--they are just to lock

people away, they don't solve the problem

LISA: When the psychiatric hospitals in New York got overcrowded and they let the people out, they just became homeless crazy people, and froze and starved to death! That's how anarchy works!

[Carl says something I can't catch on tape, because he had moved to the other end of the room in disgust. It's something like their anarchy is about utopia, and when people are allowed to grow without The System, their minds will be free.]

LISA: Ideas don't just float in a vacuum! You can't have ideas that are based on no existing realities!

ALEC: The life we have now, no one would have imagined that 500 years ago. You will see the system will implode in a few years.

LISA: Human behaviors don't change; only the words for them change. It's all the same. You know?

ALEC: I don't think so. It's up to you. You want to give up?

LISA: What are you offering instead?

ALEC: I'm not offering anything. I'm not

If ever Alec (a Taurus) and I (a Scorpio) were to go on a date, this is what my astrology book predicts. "They have a considerable sexual appetite in common, but both are proud, stubborn, domineering--a tempestuous affair is indicated."

a politician. I just don't want anyone to [give up?].

LISA: Oh, what do I know? I'm just crabby.

ALEC: Crabby?

LISA: Cantankerous.

ALEC: Cantankerous?

LISA: Devil's advocate.

ALEC: Oh, always say the opposite?

LISA: Yes. So where do I send the magazine?

ALEC: Here is my address and my phone number. If I'm not at this number, I'm at this number

LISA: I'm not calling Germany!

ALEC: No?

Shortly after that, of course, I was calling.

LISA: Hi, how are you?

ALEC: Tired. We traveled 20 hours in the snow and slept two hours.

Political letters I got this week

—LISA

I used to have to masturbate when listening to news on the radio. Those dull voices talking about wanton destruction and devastation made me insane

--Wendy Dorst, Minneapolis MN

In answer to your question what is my opinion on Gengis Khan and Atilla the Hun: those were two go-getters. I'll bet they were plenty fragrant to boot. I see large, I see lots of hair, I see men on the move. Evil perhaps, but who's to decide?

--Kate Landau, New York NY

Today I'm so busy with my trial, I work on it like at school! An article is published today on me in the biggest rightwing daily French newspaper like if I was the crazy Nazi on the net. Later I find 12 fascist messages on my forum, supporting me! I guess you guess the trap... "Racist Frenchmen saying that racist Jewishmen say that Costes is racist..." Later: a death threat message from extreme-left booby boob boobingboober --Jean-Louis Costes, Saint Denis, France

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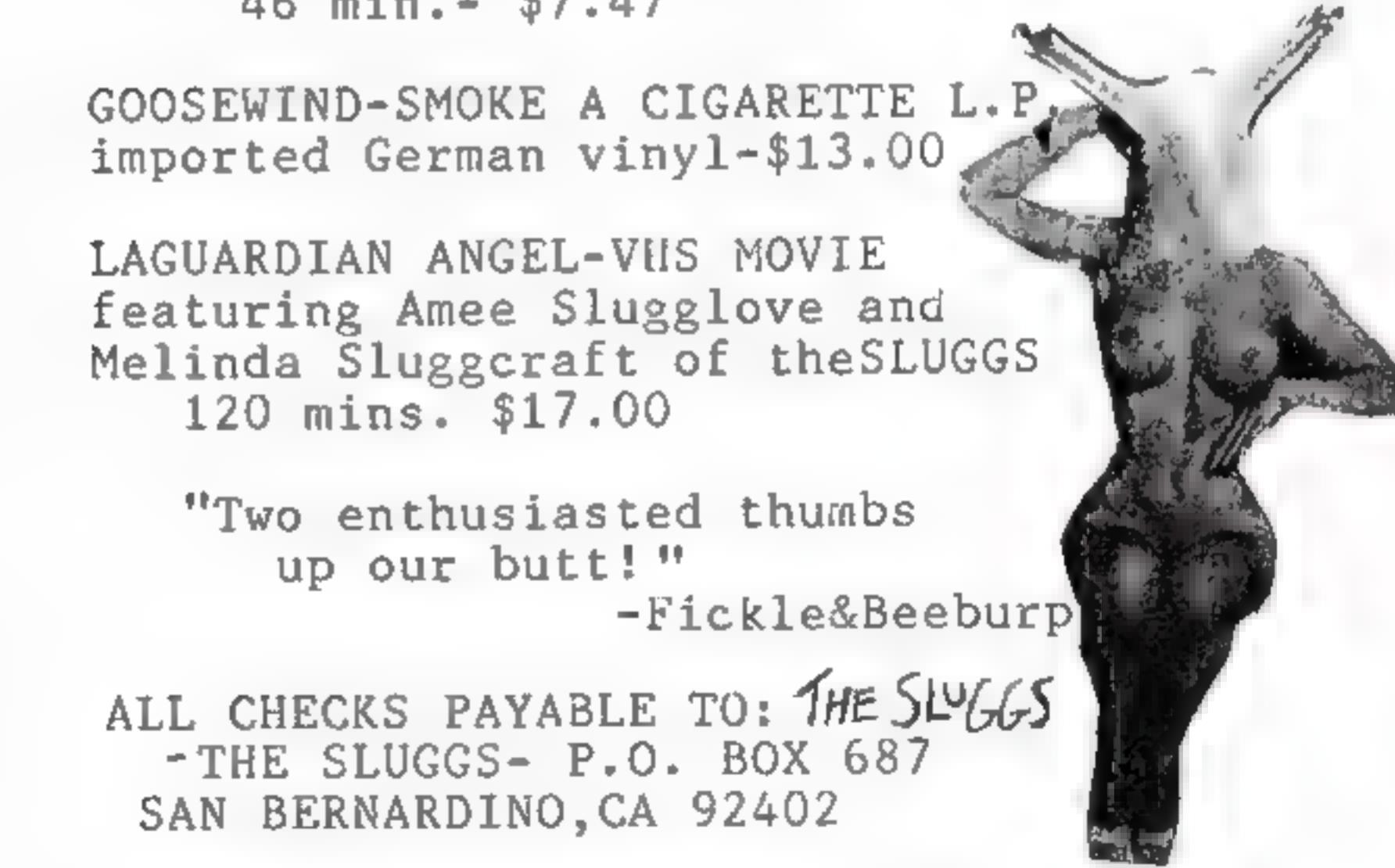
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LISA: Aw, it's good for you. Builds character. I have one more question: What are you like to have sex with? This is still the interview, you know.

ALEC: I want it all the time. Is that what you mean?

LISA: I mean, how do you do it?

ALEC: It's always different.

LISA: I knew you'd say that.

ALEC: Why?

LISA: Because you're European. Everything is relative to the European.

ALEC: Isn't it better to be always different? It is because I don't have a regular girlfriend; it is always a different girl.

LISA: OK, there's two main types: sexual or sensual. Sexual is more enthusiastic or brutal--you're on a mission. Sensual is romantic, it has a mood. You use candles if you're sensual.

ALEC: No, no candles ever.

LISA: How about incense?

ALEC: Incense?

LISA: Those smelly sticks.

ALEC: Heh, heh, heh. Sorry, no. OK, I like men and women, but more women. Not 50/50.

LISA: 60/40.

ALEC: Heh. More like 80/20. For a man,

I don't find attractive one who always tries to be so over the top being the man. I wouldn't have sex with Carl.

LISA: I wouldn't either. I think Carl hates me.

ALEC: No.

LISA: I hate Carl

ALEC: Heh, heh, heh, heh!

LISA: So what else? I want the details.

ALEC: Tying people up I like. Violence is good too.

LISA: [silence]

ALEC: Hello?

LISA: I'm contemplating.

ALEC: I don't know this word.

LISA: Thinking. Imagining. Actually, your English is very good. I just use big words to tease you.

ALEC: I know. You are the only one to do this, out of everyone.

LISA: [silence] You really maintain eye contact, don't you?

ALEC: I had to. It's because your eyes have...

LISA: A magnetic field? Are irresistible?

ALEC: When you walked in the room, I was surprised. It's why I could not answer questions so much. It's not often you see that, the eyes like that.

My telephone recorder wasn't working, so that second interview was written in shorthand as we talked, and I guess I got so busy contemplating I just stopped writing. The rest of the conversation is a blur to me--somewhere in there I know I asked if he knew Germans are famous for having no sense of humor and he said there are many jokes on their CD *Burn, Berlin, Burn!*, and that it's not very intellectual. He also defended Carl vigorously.

I like to argue not because I want to win, but because people lie less when they're mad. There is nothing I appreciate more than a person who can prove me wrong. 'Cause they make you smarter, or at least less dumb, whereas the other people (the people who never win the argument) leave you exactly as they found you. Alec speaks very calmly, with "you think so?"s and "no?"s which don't carry much impact at the time (at least not with boisterous and quite confident people like me)--but they burrow into your thinking, and just as you're drifting off to sleep many nights later, you wonder: "Do I think so? I thought I did! Maybe I'm wrong." And there in the dark of your bedroom the world is new and wide open, and you want to leap up and think a thousand things. It's not that I think he's right; he just made me think I might not be.

If you're sure you're right, then there's only one path, and you're on it. But if you might be wrong, then there are endless paths to choose--of what to do and think and be. And I am exactly, exactly, exactly as happy and curious then as I was at age eight walking down the road barefoot listening to birds singing and myself singing some dirty Diana Ross lyrics, thinking breathlessly about falling in love and having sex someday, when life was nothing to me but endless possibilities, and even the terrible possibilities were wonderful to contemplate. (I don't know the male equivalent to this: the feeling you got climbing a tree and waiting all day for the neighbor boy to come home so you can shoot your b-b gun at him, and when he does arrive it hits him right in the butt?) Politics are interesting, after all!

The CD is wicked good, by the way.

Hi, reader. It's easy to tell when I'm joking in real life 'cause I always laugh at my own jokes, but in print tone & intent are more slippery, so I'll state clearly that I have TOTAL RESPECT for this ^(Alec) person. And the band.

As for Carl - it's easy to poke fun at someone trying to explain their feelings & dreams, especially when they're doing it in a language not their own. But I really do like to say the opposite just to rile people. In fact, you DO have to dream about what is not. "I believe in photosynthesis. I believe in the projection of things that do not yet exist," said Al Green. Alec tried to explain that "suffered" line to me later, about how they write lines digitally 010101 etc. (but I didn't really get it.)

As for Hanin, she has solo records too, which I want to hear. She is menacing & sultry, & I'm sorry I didn't meet her--though my boyfriend had a psychic vision that she would beat me up if we met. How does he know I wouldn't win the fight? After all, she did just give birth! I could take a new mom easy... I think. Or at least I could run fast enough for her not to catch me.



COSTES

Jean-Louis Costes and I married at Philadelphia city hall in 1988; I was 19, he was 34. It was a funny wedding. I forgot to take my work apron off for it. When I laughed at Jean-Louis for passing out when they drew his blood (to make sure we weren't brother and sister?), he threatened to call the whole thing off. He couldn't say the vows right, his nervousness finishing off what small bit of skill he had back then in pronouncing English, and I was laughing so uncontrollably (nerves) I couldn't say mine. The justice of the peace was incensed: she accused us of making a mockery of the ceremony. Jean-Louis then got so mad and flustered his fingers swelled up like balloons, the ring wouldn't fit on, and it fell to the tile floor with what seemed like a very loud "ping." And in fact, he never did get the green card which was half the reason we got married. Because when the green card man behind the desk questioned the authenticity of our marriage (that's his job), Jean-Louis started yelling at him! So he threw Jean-Louis out, and Jean-Louis had to work under-the-table for an Asian immigrant family restaurant, and they made him work 14-hour shifts with no break for only \$3 an hour!!! Then we moved to France and it was my turn to be the poor starving immigrant.

We had a good marriage. You know how people really bug you when they're always around? He never did. My husband was foul-tempered and looked like a ferret, he liked to work all day long every day on his music, and was so funny he'd crack me up till spit would come out of my nose. We were incredibly poor. One time we had nothing to eat for ten days but yogurt with sugar and this hard, flat, strangely delicious flour and water bread Jean-Louis would bake. Then I sold eight Suckdog tapes and we celebrated by buying and eating an entire chicken in 15 minutes flat! Oh, we got so sick! We were on the floor for hours throwing up as Jean-Louis did this comedy routine about the chicken that made me even sicker from laughing so hard.

I think the reason we broke up was we just kept having sex with other people. Well, OK, I kept having sex with other people; he just thought about having sex with one particular person. But he ^{and Catholic} thought about it a lot!

The Costes family was bourgeois*. Two of Jean-Louis' brothers committed suicide and the third emigrated, so I gather the home life was difficult for the boys growing up. Whatever it was that broke the spirits of his brothers only made Jean-Louis stronger--or just really crotchety and stubborn. No one can stop him, though God knows many have wanted to! The industrial music people tried to drive him out of France, saying he was giving a bad name to French Industrial (what, like it had a good name before?); French rappers stalked him in the streets, yelling that they would kill him; the anarchists with whom we used to do a radio show turned their backs on him; and now the French Jewish Students are suing him.

I remember when *Livrez Les Blanches Aux Bicots* came out in 1990. The only three people who respected him (his ex-girlfriend Anne Van der Linden, his current girlfriend Darling, and me) disapproved strongly of the direction he was going in.* As did all the people who didn't respect him. Everyone was against him, and he didn't care. No one was buying his CDs; they just gathered dust in his house, and he didn't care. To date, he has made 18 CDs and I don't even know how many tours. He didn't know why he had to make these weird, ugly things, he just knew he had to. Now that Jean-Louis has become "a figure," I'm sure people are going to start rearranging their memories, saying how they supported him all along, they recognized his genius all along. I was there, I know it's not true. No one supported him. No one recognized his genius. He was completely alone, and he persevered.

--Lisa Crystal Carver, 11 May 1997

*Anne because it was probably racist and would definitely cause nothing but problems (socially suicidal); Darling because how could he earn money or social position enough to earn her respect by putting all his time into this dreadful shit (financially suicidal); me because he messed up his music in the mix so unlistenable--it's actually quite beautiful underneath all that, but no one will ever know!--and yelled and spit without ever the relief of a melody (musically suicidal).



TAVIS COSTES

LISA: Jean-Louis? It's Lisa.

COSTES: Leeza! It's good you called. Where are you?

LISA: America. I want to record a new CD and make a movie, and I thought maybe you'd like to come to do them with me.

COSTES: I want to! I can come in July. I was just writing you a letter. They charge me in court. On June 11 I go.

LISA: What??!

COSTES: They say I incite murder. It's the first case in France like this, my case. They say I'm racist because of the CDs. You know I'm not. You know how we play with symbols--they don't like that. They put shit in my life. They call concert halls to cancel my shows, threats on the phone. But me, I accept to fight with those humanitarian fuckers. They pretend to help the black, the Arab, but really they want power only, to destroy. They are the fascists, not us. We are neo-something, but I don't know what. We are new. I'm ready to go in politics, me. Because I have always to defend myself.

LISA: Who...who reported you? How did it start?

COSTES: It started with a very nice old man, anti-racist man. He read my web site and sent a very polite e-mail, and I thought it was a joke. He said, "I don't like your opinions. It's not like my opinions. Please could you change your web pages and change your songs?" I replied very polite. I said, "Even myself, I don't like the songs."

LISA: It's true! You hate your music.

COSTES: I'm full of shame! I explained I was just trying to take out of me every type of feeling. The subject of the CD was racism and sex mixed together. I told him, "I can't change it because that's the way it came out of my brain. Anyway, in your brain it's just like in my brain. If you can understand it, it's because you have it somewhere in your brain. We all have the same phantasms of violence. The difference is, not to act on them." The problem is, this guy was a very old, famous, respected Jewish man. The problem, it's the type of guy who doesn't like to take lessons from me. He called my internet provider and asked him to stop my work. But the provider would not. You have to understand, the way they discovered me is they typed in the words "nigger" and "bicot"--the bad word for Arab. It's kind of vicious! Can you imagine an old Jewish student typing "nigger" all night? At three in the morning he types all the bad words. And in like 1,000 answers, *all* are in my site! All in one song! Because in this song I repeat "bicot" 1,000 times.

LISA: What were you thinking when you recorded that?

COSTES: I wanted to do the worst possible CD, worst than the fascists, just to show them they are not so bad, I could be much worse. Because if they look bad, like the worst possible man, then they are like god, like the devil. But in reality they are basic, middle people, *stupid*, with no ideas--even about torture. I can torture a fascist better than he can do. I can imagine very bad things. So I thought I could do a CD the worst and show the skinhead bands are just rock-n-roll, nothing special.

LISA: So did you explain that to the people who are suing

you?

COSTES: Pft! You can explain them nothing. But after this good type Jewish anti-racist organization this old man belonged to--Licra--came the bad one: the UEFJ. They're the ones who attack me in court. You understand how it works? There is a good association, very polite. If you don't understand politeness, then the next day another organization calls, the active type. These ones are not at all polite. And if you still don't understand, then there's a third organization. They come to your house with guns. In three steps you go from very nice gentlemen to guns. From the very left to the very right. But it's reality, eh? I don't joke. It's very real. This third organization, the police don't want to give their name. They are linked to the extreme right Jewish organizations who want to remove all Arabs from Israel. In France, they're supposed to be a security company. They provide bodyguards to highranking Jewish people. They train, they have guns, they are professional.

I see you have troubles too. It's strange, eh? I read this newspaper with a picture of you on the front and they come back on this fascism again and again and again on you. I was surprised, because I know you. I know your light spirit, your joke spirit. But you act, eh? When the nationalists beat the Arab stall-keeper in the subway, you were the only person to move. You, a small girl, and the men run away very fast from your attack! And now these humanitarian journalists give you lessons--do you think they would move like you if they saw two strong men with pipes? And do you remember what you did at the Le Pen demonstration? Pfft, no one would do that. You are really crazy, I think! No, but if they caught us, they would kill us, eh? You risk your life, eh? We are lucky what you did made a riot and they were very busy beating everyone, otherwise we would be hurt for life, eh? Those skinheads had knives, eh?

LISA: Remember I had a rolled up newspaper as my weapon? I thought I was gonna take on an army with a rolled up newspaper!

I wonder why I got so mad that day, because normally demonstrations don't bother me. People can hate people if they want to.

COSTES: It's because they marched through the Jewish neighborhood to yell at Jews through the windows. You got crazy mad because they scare people, insult people who try to eat dinner in their own kitchen.

LISA: Oh yeah, and then when they chased us and we hid in the industrial music shop, they didn't want to hide us! They wanted to give us to the skinheads!

COSTES: How did you get so many troubles with people thinking you are Nazi?

LISA: Because of my ex-boyfriend with the bad reputation, and because you know how sometimes I say

URL: <http://altern.com/costes>

A friend of mine told me to look at Costes web for fun, but I don't think it's funny at all; it's horrible. Costes is a dumb racist retard still drawing cocks. And, the worst, he believes what he says!

--anonymous, France

I am the webmaster of four leftist alternative site. You are a stupid arty neo-fascist, and soon we will come to your house with all my extreme left friends, fascist!

--anonymous, France

Costes is not a Nazi, he is just shit, under shit, to say he is a Nazi is to overvalue him.

--anonymous, France

I am Japanese and musician. I sing (soprano) Japanese songs traditional and composed by myself, accompanied by 2 kotos. I support you in your fight for freedom and I hope you will overthrow this bad persons.

--anonymous, Japan

27 WHITE IS WILD (2.19)

we are ready to die for the sake of civilisation, and i don't mean those stupid materialistic values, fridge and tv we don't care, we don't need those stupid japanese gadgets, the white civilisation is not a store full of goods, we are not a bunch of niggers worshipping a toaster!

*we are not born to work neither to beg
we are born to lead, to take, to use, to kill
we are white predators!*

north, west, gods and technics, everything we robbed, from niggers, indians, arabs, chinese... from everywhere, from everyone our elders were barbarians roaming the german forests: we burnt Byssone, Roma and Mequa, we burnt everything, we were hated!

because we hated decadent civilisation living just for sex and luxury, Japanese shit, we don't like it!

us we rob, rape, kill; we use the world until we die, we use our body until we die, we don't care, we don't pity; we are not christian middle-class equalising hidden rotten ugly jews!

we don't live for money and gossip; we do what we think is right, and what is right, right now, it's to kill those fucking jap slugs, those new jews, those yellow jews

a page from the epic CD "Jap Jew"

eating the world day after day
and we are going to crush those slugs
(sscratchziggss) just like this, very easy to do

28 COSTES COCK CLONES (3.19)

- hey you jap come here
- yes mister, you call me?
- something to tell to you: you are ugly
- i beg your pardon
- you are ugly, but that's not the main question: what are you doing here?
- my name is kakayamoto kakamasutra
i'm a japanese businessman in holyday in France to make pictures of your beautiful monuments
- i know those slugs; they spy Costes when he pee to take pictures of his cock in order to build Costes cock clones, because jap slugs have small cocks and they want a hard dick like mine in secret underground factory in the mountains of China, they build millions of Costes cock clones
- *I took a picture of your cock because i'm in love with you, mister Costes, and we are so many millions of Japanese in love with your bigcock*
- you like my dick so just take it
I fuck your butt with the real stuff with the real Costes cock and it's good because it's not a Costes cock clone



LISA: Maybe they run away not because they're scared, but because they just don't like you.

COSTES: Yes, they don't like me for a long time. And now they say I get just what I deserve, and "now you pretend to be the Christ, you play the martyr." It's what I do, anyway--they're right. But I am the martyr! In a way I'm happy this happened, for the fame, but it's bad in terms of money. I'm going to lose my apartment for sure. Lose my computer. They sue my web provider too. They ask \$2,000 for every day the songs stay on line! And the next time they attack me, I go in jail. I can't postpone my court date, because they asked for an emergency court because they say I am a danger to the society. They pretend that I am the ideologist sending people to kill, like I am the brain. That's what they say, eh?

LISA: So are they gonna read your song lyrics in court?

COSTES: Just imagine the judge has to listen to *Jap Jew* and to judge it about the yellow slug riding the white pet to fuck the black shit, and they try to analyze. They say, "We-e-ell..." That's what my lawyer said: "The problem with you is you're innocent, but you're fucked up. You're totally fucked up. *Totally* fucked up. The judge is going to yell guilty just because he feels so bad to read so many sex and race and stinky things." The problem is the problem of stinky. If they read about Arab

shit and...oh, they can't read anymore, eh? It's a real problem. They just could get mad at me, you know?

LISA: Yes. You're really gross!

COSTES: Gross, yes. Mainly it's a problem of cutting the cheese. I just now understand it all. I'm going to go to jail for cutting the cheese. No, but I could lose, eh? It's hard to understand what I do. I understand with my feelings, but I can't explain. And they are powerful, them. There was an article on me in *Liberation*, a big newspaper in France, about my music, my shows. Nothing about race. And the Jewish association lawyer called them to threaten them, and told them to retract the story, and they just accepted to retract! This is a big newspaper, with their own lawyers. So I begin to understand this is a powerful lobby. Then they begin to attack the distributors of my CDs, and to threaten the people who organize my shows. But they didn't know about the underground. Didn't know a thing! They thought I was all alone, a lonely weird-o, now they begin to understand it is a network, there are hundreds of thousands of people. It makes them nervous--they will look like they attack art or avant garde

music. My case will set a precedence: if I lose this one, there will be a lot of people in court. Because they attack me on three songs only now, but if they win this one, they will look at my videos and see a lot of problems: nudity, morals, attacks

You are an hypocrite and your fans are naive.

--anonymous, France

Screw you!

--anonymous, USA

on Christianity. That's why it's important to win this first case, that's why I put all my money in the lawyer. I don't know if you think this is not a good plan? What would you do?

LISA: If I were you, I would hire a good lawyer and sit very

things just to shock people and see what happens, find out what they really think. And now I'm paying for it: now there's stores and distributors that won't carry my books, places that won't let me have events there. Especially San Francisco!

COSTES: You should sue. They destroy your livelihood.

LISA: Eh, no one can destroy me. Besides, why should they have to like me, or carry my books? I believe in a free-market economy. The problem is I think strangely. I don't think the normal way--right or left.

COSTES: Ah, yes, but you're right to think like that. And it's lucky, because if someone doesn't think like that, the extreme right will very quickly be in control. Because if there is not a new way of thinking very fast, it's the old way that will come back. They don't understand that the thinking has to revolutionize, has to change. They call me fascist. They know I'm not, but they know I am not like them, so they think I must be the enemy. You know those hardcore anarchists who drink wine and are tough to fight the system? They just run away now, very fast. They tell me, "It's your problem. Because of you now we have problems."

They refused to even give me the phone number of a lawyer. This is an organization that gets money from the state for freedom of speech. I just wanted advice, they refused. They said, "Oh no, not you. Everyone, OK. A murderer, OK. We like freedom of speech, but not for you." They think like my family thinks: that it's normal I go in court--they think I deserve it. So it's interesting to see that in fact all people are conservative. The leftists in their living room, talking about revolution--when there is a very little problem, like with me, they run away very fast! But at the same time, they speak of the big revolution that would be really bad, very bloody!

quietly. Imagine you defending yourself? You'd start yelling! You'd take on the whole court.

COSTES: Ah, yes. I'd get nervous. I'd attack the judge, say to him, "I will do song on you next!" I'm going to do it anyway. Think it's good for my next CD. Ah, yes!

LISA: So are you really thinking of going into politics?

COSTES: We are already in politics. There is a gap in the philosophy for a long time now. The leftists have become very conservative now. If you think of hippie philosophy now, it's very like the fascist one: go back to the past, the tribe. There is no new philosophy now, no book to read. I don't know what to call your book *Dancing Queen*. It's not exactly politics--it's in terms of real life, not party. When I read it, I think, "Yes, yes." I give it to Anne Van der Linden, she read it all in one night--and in English, that's not easy for her. She had these phantasms she thought she had alone, but when she read your book, she said, "Oh yes, the virgin on rollerskates, yes, the story of the bear, ah, oh!" For a long time, the youth don't read philosophy books. Music is the main culture. Just listen to the words of songs and fanzines. So it makes sense politics is in songs and fanzines now--because that's the only culture they have. So it's normal people like us build ideology. Not to take the power. We don't think in terms of we want to help a race against another one. Darling [who is black] hates anti-racists, because they give the image of the weak black, like saying "help blacks, because they are poor and stupid"--meaning the ones who help are strong.

Your philosophy is, you don't believe in the destruction types group. You believe in doing something by yourself.

Costes is well known as an artist in Europa and Japan since years. His arts to provoke is neither racist or antisemistic. His art is subversive, like any avant-garde. That's implicit. Costes is a direct descendant of the Vienna Activist's art--organization well-known then as "academic pigs" because of their provoking pro-sexual and anarchic performances of body-experience and dionysiac blood orgies. Costes translates our contemporary neurotic emotions into an equally extreme art form.
--Donna Klemm, Germany

I have known Jean-Louis Costes since 1984. During these years, I have found him determined and genuine in his life and artistic ventures; truthful, honest and forthright in his opposition to intolerance and racism. He has used "insult," "popular language" and "rhetorical tropes" to capture the phenomenon he was trying to express. The "personas" he incarnates are not him, and his handling is never without irony and detachment. His art, it seems to me, strives for authenticity and the revealing of the world as it is, not morally, as we would like it to be. Also, his art is not didactic, there is no simple message nor interpretation. I believe him to be an exceptionally talented artist as well as a man of integrity and commitment.

--Ken Shepherd, Australia

When you sing "throw the white women to the Arabs" do you speak of your wife?

--anonymous, France

We back Costes without question, for he...he is a genius.

--anonymous, USA

You insult everyone and then you cry?

Die!

--anonymous, France

You judge people on their acts, you don't believe what they say. You never liked the myth of... you always made fun of the organized revolt of the youth against civilization: the punks, the hippies, those Psychic TV people, grunge, any group pretending to be something new and different, always attracted to death and war, people pretending as if war is so funny, destruction was funny. You understand life is for health, beauty, the body is for food, sex, the basics. You always come back to the very basics. And you find others are the same. If you start from here, it is a good place. Rather than to start from fighting the other party, to say us against them, always the conflict of the right versus left. No, no --you don't enter this conflict. You try to understand your position from within yourself. Because you have a strong inner life, you analyze everything from inside yourself. What you see with your eyes and hear with your ears, everything goes in. Then you make your own mix, and say it. Of course they dislike it, because it's not the mix of the groups that were there before you. It's a new mix. But at the same time, most people, when they are alone, they think like you, they feel like you, with their eyes, their ears, their sex. Not like the media. So you tell the story of the girl how she feels in her body when she kisses, people explode when they read that, because they say, "That's just like me!" But there's no media to say that story, because it's not a media story, it's not a party political story--it's just like the very inner, lonely, main things. You, Rachel, the small city--that's the story you tell. The life is very close to you. Politics is just the TV in the other room. It's your mother eating chips, looking at the news: this is politics. There is news about Gulf War and mother's in the



diner. It's mixed between private and outer. Well, I'm not English-speaking, so it's hard for me to say.

LISA: No, you speak well. You always make me feel inspired, like the world is big and things are important.

COSTES: You understand? Because in French I could describe your book very well. Everyone is inner, so you reach everyone. Many people feel like you do, but you are the only one to say it. It is obscure in their brains. They don't have the talent to write or they don't have the time. So you, you have the job to explain how it happened, how you build a bridge between your private body and the world outside. Half you have sexual energy and half abstract ideas--at the same time. Your philosophy is, you have your period, very bloody today, but at the same time you have to go to voting booth and decide whether to vote for Clinton. But you have to change your Tampax before to go to vote. Ah yes, that's exactly your philosophy. The leftist philosophy a century ago was just like you. People were working in factories and they wrote about that. But after 100 years, it becomes just abstract ideas, political correctness. But at the time it was good. Communist ideas were very good then. I'm sure a lot of philosophies were good at the time, because people spoke just like you do, from the base. But when people all think together the same thing, the same party....

The following conversation happened by rapid-fire e-mail....

LISA: You know how I always cried over war movies and those 1940s American movies about truth and honor and courage in fighting for democracy and saving people, and I never knew why I cried, because I knew I didn't care about politics? I thought politics was all those perverts in scarves giving self-righteous discourses on Nicaragua, and it was so obviously just a way to look smart and get laid. I mean, no one cares about Nicaragua and then all of a sudden all the young studs care? Not a single one of them noticed anything going on in Chile? And I thought philosophy was Andrew standing by the window smoking one cigarette a day because that's what Camus did. And so you're right--I never entered the conflict. I saw how good ideas always end up perverted in practice--and what is created politically today is destroyed tomorrow, and what is destroyed is always recreated. So I felt like there's never any real change. I was

You've got to pay for what you said.
--anonymous, France

My name is Toshiyuki Hiraoka, aged 32, an engineer in Tokyo. I was surprised by the news that Jewish Students are angry at the text by my friend, Jean-Louis Costes. Then I decided to write this letter for trying to remove the misunderstanding. I met him in both of the countries, Japan and France, and spent lots of time together. He was very nice and gentle to Japanese people when he stayed here. One day we found students asking money for people in Kobe after the big earthquake there. He gave them some money in spite of his lack of money. So, he doesn't hate Japanese, and of course Jews!! I believe we understand each other well. I know why he made "Jap Jew" CD. He try to show the reality to people then let them think about it seriously. He is a very honest and serious person. I give high praise to his courage and acting power. Just before closing this letter, please let me say something about his music. Jean-Louis Costes is one of the best French artists. He is a historical and legendary figure. I had classical piano lesson for 15 years and jazz piano lessons for 5 years. I mean, I understand music. His music is sometimes very original like John Cage, and sometimes very natural and beautiful like Mozart. I always look forward to new release from Costes. Please do not take my pleasure away.

--Toshiyuki Hiraoka, Japan

What the fuck are these Jew students up to. Strange how they become more and more the fascists of the 90ies. Don't let them silence you. Don't let them grind you down. Fuck censorship, in the ass
--anonymous, Belgium

You are the most racist of all, you are the pure racist, you are the seed of racism, they should cut off your head!
--anonymous, France

I find this situation ridiculous and sad. Costes is a nice, law-abiding neighbor, and I hate to see anyone, especially a Jewish group, attack his right to free speech. Jews are taught to value liberty and to question everything. All the most sacred rites of Jewish faith are open to question by all Jews and non-Jews. Only when we stop questioning and blindly accept like sheep are we doomed. All educated Jews know this.

--Lisa Falour, an American in Paris

What is this story of Costes persecuted by Jews. One more of his promo trick?! Slut!

--anonymous, France

sure everyone else could see this too, so I distrusted the motives of people with causes, people in groups. (And people in scarves!) But in fact--this is so obvious, I can't believe I never saw it before--*everything* blooms then turns corrupt, then crumbles and dies and gets replaced. Everything! Love does, but that doesn't stop me from jumping into it. Pants are shiny when you first buy them, then they unravel and end up in the garbage--that doesn't stop me from buying pants!

COSTES: Ah yes, the farts and shit and blood in the pants--the cycle of Buddha in the pants of Lisa.

LISA: Jean-Louis, I don't poop my pants! I'm having a political and philosophical revolution here, keep your sick fantasies to yourself.

COSTES: You are right--no poops in the revolution.

LISA: "There is no such thing as a poopless revolution."

COSTES: Oh yes, poop is the base, let's never forget it. We can look and talk smart about politics, but poop is still the base. Born poop, died poop...and living like a fart; I mean spirit = fart; and it's not a joke. So, don't forget the poop or the poop will remember you: you forget the poop in your head and he burps in your pants!

LISA: Jean-Louis, what's wrong with you?!!! I hope I'm not sounding like a blowhard. I feel ready to explode! I want to formulate what I feel. 'Cause you and I are going to go through that process of blooming then crumbling too. Our ideas and bodies will unravel and end up in a dump somewhere. Just like pants and politics. So I want to know and do everything now, while I'm blooming. I want to change the world. Even if it's temporary, and everything is cyclic, so what? It'll be something while it happens! Starting right now, I'm going to learn how the world works. I'm going to visit car dealerships and factories and city hall and prisons and farms and schools and read everything and talk to everyone I don't know. Today! I don't want to die without ever knowing what I thought about high import taxes--even though that was my goal before. (I thought that kept me pure.) I want to know clearly what my ethics are beyond just a gut feeling. I'm going to figure out what my stand is, and then I'm going to take it!

COSTES: A new era in your life: you want to take fully the place you deserve in society, because to refuse to decide and rule in politics just means that we want to stay

like children and complain all the time against big daddy-boss-president. Now you want just to fit the world to your desire and knowledge. It's great. It looks like a highway to...I don't know. LISA: I don't know either. I could very easily be a kamikaze for something I believe in if it needed me. But maybe I'm not meant for that: I am such a skeptical person! What can I believe in for sure, for sure? Oh, listen to me go on! Some kamikaze—I live in Dover and try to eat at least one vegetable a day so I won't get sick and die. A careful kamikaze! Silly girl dreaming. No, but I'm really not afraid of anything. That's got to be useful for something. All the stupid stuff I'm drawn to but try not to do—like driving 100 mph—because I always think, "I can't die yet, because I'm meant for something." But what? I'm tired of waiting for my destiny to arrive. I've got to go out and track it down. And you with the stupid stuff you've done—like setting yourself on fire—there's got to be a better way to use that. I don't want to play Russian roulette. I hate nihilism! But we've been living like nihilists--atheistic, apolitical, action without a good context... just do it and see what happens. What do we believe?!?!

COSTES: In front of everyone, and until my court date, I pretend that I don't mean a word of what I say, but every day I feel more that there is some truth hidden behind this mess of shows and songs, some logic. We've got to explore it when I come in July: what do we think for real and what do we want for real?

CDs are \$15 each, ppd. from Jean-Louis Costes,
13 quai du Square, 93200 Saint Denis, France.

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Dear Lisa,

Letters
I've been watching soap operas for the first time in my life. All I know is Kristen paid some white trash lady for her baby so she could pretend it was hers after she'd returned from France where she had the miscarriage. She was afraid her husband would no longer love her. I hope you don't take offense to this but the trashy lady reminded me of you but only when we lived in Guerneville and you wore only the clothes out of the free box at the burger place—those big stupid velcro sneakers and big stupid sweaters, and you were so happy about it. But this trashy woman was really retarded. She was the only character I cared about. I watched the show while making dolls for Sharon Stone's birthday. I'm being a name dropper to make my life seem full of glamour I suppose. Will I ever make it to the other side of the magical mirror? This morning I went to get drugs tested on me for money because I'm so pathetic and broke right now, but they rejected me because of my bleeding ulcer. My TV show is going well. I'm going to work on my quilt now before I go to bed. I have nightmares all the time and dread that the black void is opening to swallow me again. To ward off this feeling I imagine my skin glowing white like a luminous light and opportunities fluttering toward me like moths.

--Love, Darcy, New York NY *such a bad taste in your mouth, reader (I mean Ivan Badboy)*

— the layout just worked out like that. EWW!

Lisa, I'm sure you're really interested in my masturbation fantasies—well that's not quite what they are (male masturbation is much worse than female's because it's so messy). Hated by the majority for most of my life, many of my fantasies are simple people-being-friendly-to-me scenarios.

Here's one: After I become a very popular political artist hated by many, tormented by shitheads everywhere, I plan my suicide only to have Michael Stipe and Tori Amos take me away to France where they talk me out of leaving Earth. Tori fucks my brains out everyday, taking advantage of my vulnerability, but in a very nurturing way.

Here's one that came true: In 1991 I attended the New Music Seminar and unexpectedly saw one of the girls of my dreams, Bucky Overbite. I had worshipped her for years. I called her Bucky Overbite because I didn't want/need to know her real name. Distance is the most beautiful thing in the world. Throughout the five-day festival, I'd watch her unmistakable bowl haircut and dream about her dragging me into a broom closet and forcing me into a conversation, as it's against my religion to talk to most humans. Then, on the final day, Bucky came up and sat next to me and asked, "Who are you and why do I see you all over Boston?" Self-disciplined, I cut the conversation off and told her I could not be sociable. She took it well, and I never spoke to her again. Damn my life sucks!

I've never had any overtly sexual fantasies about you I believe. I did originally fantasize about being friends with you and talking to you. (Eventually I did get to talk to you and you pushed me around fabulously--god I love powerful women!) Nowadays I fantasize that you come to New York City and invite me out for breakfast. And once in a while I might think how great it would be to be *thrashed* by you.

I just got out of jail. Eleven fucking days in Rikers Island, just for slamming our mayor, Rudy Giuliani, the dumbest man in America!

--Ivan Badboy, New York NY

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a perfectionist.
I feel most
comfortable
when my
environment
is perfectly
maintained."*

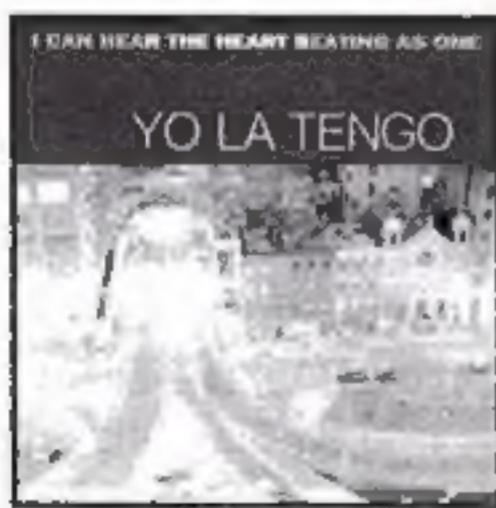
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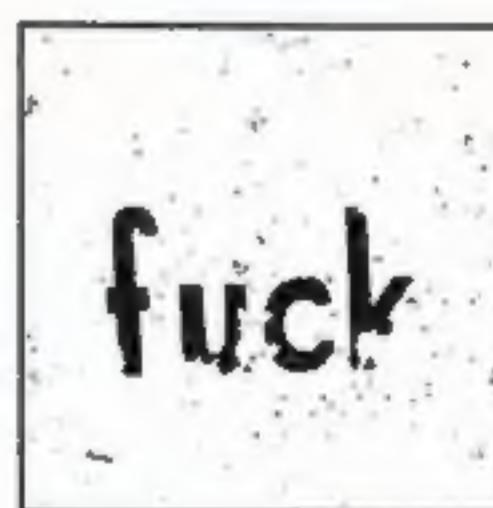
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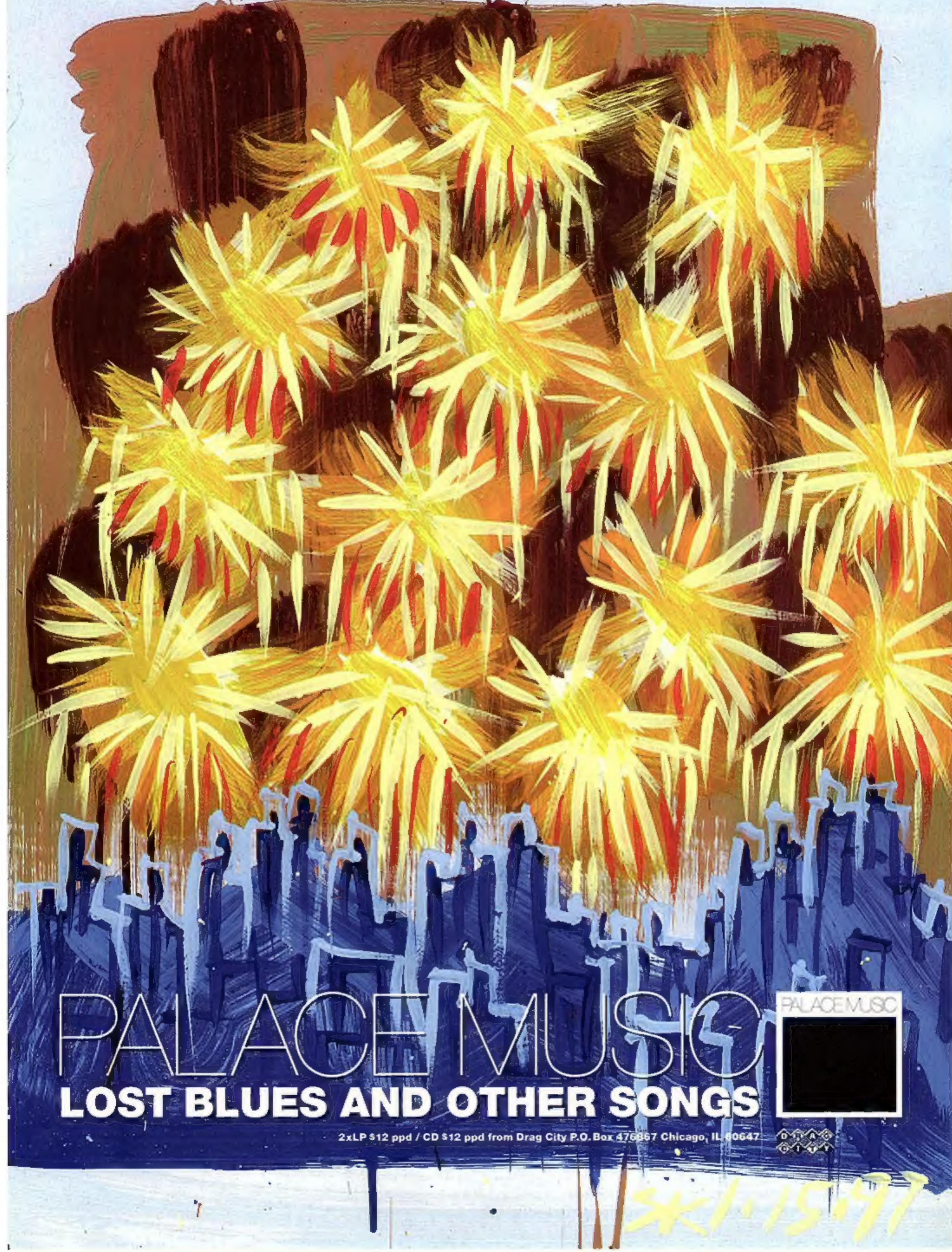
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